LITTELL'S LIVING AGE—No. 544.—28 OCT., 1854.

ROUEN.

FROM THE PICTORIAL WORLD.

THE city of Rouen, the ancient Rothomagus, is famous in history. Here King John of England, of luckless memory, took the life of Prince Arthur in 1203. It was taken in the following year by the King of France. In 1417, the victorious Henry V. of England entered the city; and it was the scene of that sad tragedy, the death of the heroic Joan of Arc, who was burned in the market-place in the year 1431. In 1449 it reverted to France, under whose dominion it has since remained. Among the eminent men to whom it has given birth must be mentioned the great Corneille. Its population probably exceeds one hundred thousand, of whom, according to official sources, one half are engaged in the cotton manufacture, for which Rouen is deservedly famous.

Like most French towns which can boast of any antiquity, the streets in the older parts of the city are narrow and ill-built; the newer additions display greater neatness and even elegance. Of the many buildings that attract the attention of the traveller, the first place is unquestionably due to the Cathedral, which must rank amongst the finest edifices in Europe. It occupied more than two hundred years in its construction; its length is four hundred and thirty-four feet, the breadth one hundred and three feet, and the height of the nave eighty-nine feet. Three portals distinguish the front, which is highly ornamented; the height of the tower and spire is about four hundred and sixty-five feet; the former is much older than the other parts of the building; the latter is a beautiful specimen of the architecture of the fifteenth century. The bell, which was of immense weight, was melted down into cannon for the wars of the Revolution. One hundred and thirty windows, many of them of painted glass, give light to this vast edifice. The Cathedral contains the monument of Richard Cœur-de-Lion of England.

The view of Rouen from the quay, particularly when the bridge interposes between the spectator and the city, is magnificent. But from whatever point of view the coup d'œil is considered, it is striking, both up and down the river; the tower of Nôtre Dame, the fine church of St. Oven, the remains of St. Maclou, the bridges, and the busy hum of the industrious inhabitants, render this city one of the most interesting on the other side of the channel.

THE SHADOW.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

SEVENTEEN long years ago! and still
The hillock newly heaped, I see,
Which hid beneath its heavy chill
One who has never died to me.
And since, the leaves which o'er it wave
Have been kept green by raining tears:
Strange, how the shadow of a grave
Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! No cross,
No urn, nor monument is there;
But drooping leaves and starry moss
Bend softly in the summer air:
The one I would have died to save,
Sleeps sweetly, free from griefs and fears:
Strange, how the shadow of a grave
Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! I see
The hand I held so long in vain;
The lips I pressed despairingly,
Because they answered not again;
I see again the shining wave
Of the dark hair, begemmed with tears;
Strange, how the shadow of a grave
Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! The hand
Then fondly clasped, still holds my own,
Leading me gently to the land
Where storm and shadow are unknown;
The summons which I gladly crave
Will come like music to my ears,
And the chill shadows of the grave
Be changed to light ere many years!

Knickerbocker.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We crossed the prairie, as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree
The ragged northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow:
The blessing of our mothef-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall float the setting sun!

We'll sweep the prairie as of old
Our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

[From a forthcoming Volume of Lyrics.]

My life is like a floating spar,
Tossed many a weary league from land,
Without a steersman or a star
To guide it to a friendly strand.

Too wide the sea, the strife too wild
For aught of rescue or of rest,
Be Ocean's temper mad or mild,
A lonely wave-vexed waif at best.

From homestead and from natal tree,
By many a rude convulsion torn,—
Now on some sunny Indian sea,—
Next through the surges of Cape Horn;

Yet ever round it fondly clings
Some remnant of the riven strand,
Which bound it to familiar things,—
The last of Home and Native Land!

J. W. P.

Baltimore.

The Wulsa—who?—"On the approach of an hostile army, the unfortunate inhabitants of India bury their most cumbrous effects, and each individual man, woman and child above six years of age (the infants being carried by their mothers) with a load of grain proportioned to their strength, leave their homes, and take the direction of a country (if such can be found) exempt from the miseries of war; sometimes of a strong fortress, but more generally of the most unfrequented hills and woods, where they prolong a miserable existence until the departure of the enemy; and if this should be protracted beyond the time for which they have provided food, a large portion necessarily die of hunger. The people of a district thus deserting their homes are called the *Wulsa* of the district. A state of habitual misery, involving precaution against incessant war, and unpitying depredation of so peculiar a description as to require in any of the languages of Europe a long circumlocution, is expressed in all the languages of Deckan and the south of India by a single word. No proofs can be accumulated from the most profound research which shall describe the immemorial condition of the people of India with more precision than this single word. It is a proud distinction that the Wulsa never departs on the approach of a British army when unaccompanied by Indian allies."—Wilkes, vol. 1, p. 308.

From the Banner of the Cross.

The following lines are from the pen of Miss Catharine Eliza Hollis, late of Steubenville, Ohio. The "Weary Bird," rests now in Paradise, and waits the glorious morn.

A Fragment.

Room for a weary bird, whose roaming wing
Has tir'd of sailing thro' the upper deep,
And now would fain its pinions fold, and rest
In some sequester'd bow'r, or shady grove,
By some sweet murm'ring stream or placid lake
Where foot of man, or wand'ring beast, breaks not
The solitude so deep and grand; where flow'rs
Uprear their tiny heads, and live and die,
And waste their sweetness there. Here would I stay,
And cease awhile from mirth, and song, and glee.
Here will I rest, till rosy morn shall smile
On hill-top, tree, and flow'r, and bid us wake
To praise the Infinite,—the God of all.

Steubenville, June 3, 1853.

The following touching incident is related as having occurred at the last commencement of Rochester University:

One member of the graduating class, Mr. R. C. Fenn, of Rochester, is totally blind. When his theme was announced, president Anderson remarked to the audience that Mr. Fenn, at the close of his junior year, in performing some chemical experiments in private, lost his eye sight entirely, by the effects of an explosion; but that from unflagging energy, and by the aid of a devoted brother, and attached classmates, he had been able to complete the studies of the course with honor to himself and satisfaction to his teacher.

He was then led forward by his brother, while there was scarcely a tearless eye in all that vast assemblage of near two thousand souls. His subject was the lost senses, the object of which was to demonstrate the proposition that blindness is preferable to deafness. It was discussed in an agreeable and earnest manner, after which Mr. Fenn retired amid the prolonged applause of the audience.

The Private Opinion of the Emperor Nicholas:—"If I were not the Czar of all the Russias, I would be the President of the United States."—*(according to) Dr. Cottman.*

From the North British Review.

1. *Norway and its Glaciers visited in* 1851; *followed by Journals of Excursions in the High Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy.* By James D. Forbes, D. C. L., F. R. S., Sec. R. S. Edinb., corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and of other Academies; and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 1 vol. Royal 8vo. Edinburgh, 1853.
2. *Scandinavian Adventures, during a Residence of upwards of twenty years, representing Sporting Incidents, and Subjects of Natural History, and Devices for entrapping Wild Animals, with some Account of the Northern Fauna.* By L. Lloyd, author of "Field Sports of the North." 2 vols. Royal 8vo. London, 1854.

A WORK on "Norway and its Glaciers," by the most original and successful expositor of the ice-world of the central mountains of Europe, cannot be otherwise regarded than with lively interest. The volume now before us is a worthy successor of those remarkable "Travels in the Alps of Savoy," in which we have the true theory of glacier-motion discussed and determined, and a great mass of valuable information presented to us regarding the natural attributes of that magnificent mountain chain. Although much has been done by several native observers, the physical geography of Norway is by no means so fully known, and we doubt not that the Scandinavians themselves will heartily welcome this great addition to their stores by our adventurous countryman, Professor Forbes. We have perhaps been heretofore rather too much in the yacht-sailing and salmon-fishing line to draw the attention, or deserve the gratitude, of the higher and more accomplished classes of that kingdom, who derive no pecuniary benefit from the liberality of John Bull, with the exception of such as may now enjoy an increase of rent for the sporting uses of their rivers. But, on the whole, we fear that, notwithstanding an occasional Forester, or other pleasant and instructive writer, the majority of our tourists were not of a class greatly to raise us in the intellectual estimation of "Gamlé Norgé." We may now, however, regard with both pride and pleasure this latest addition to our knowledge of a country so deeply interesting, and in many ways so little known.

Professor Forbes's excellent powers of observation, and acquired experience as an Alpine traveller, enable him to judge accurately of what he sees, and he describes natural objects as they exist upon the earth and meet the eye of a rational and reflecting being who deeply feels their serene and simple majesty, and so does not require to affect a wild frenzy, more becoming a fool than a philosopher. It is this truthfulness even in those descriptive portions of the work, where mental impressions rather than physical facts are the objects of record, that constitutes their value, and distinguishes them from the great mass of modern inflations. They may be *relied upon*, simply because the author is a person not merely of philosophical observation, but of sound sense and sagacity, who knows not alone how delicate and transient is the "belle couleur de rose" upon the snowy summits of the resplendent Alps, but also feels how nature, even in her holiest forms, is too delightful to stand in need of those ornamental exaggerations which a multitude of readers regard as proof of "fine imagination." We believe it to be a fact, that those who are unfortunately gifted with this so-called fine imagination, seldom or never see the simple truth, and so cannot be expected to communicate it to their friends and fellow-creatures. But of the making of books there is no end.

Our author sighted the coast of Norway on the 24th of June, 1851, and his first impression was rather one of disappointment while nearing the headland of Lindesnaes, — the hills being low and devoid of boldness, and the general character of the scenery monotonous. Our own western islands of Tyree and Coll, both equally belonging to the gneiss formation, were recalled to mind, although the abundance of pine-wood, descending almost to the shore, distinguishes the northern land. The same well-wooded undulations prevail all the way to Christiania, whose famous fiord he thinks is overrated.

The monotony of the forms, the continuity, of the woods, the absence of almost the smallest sea-cliff or sandy bay, weary the eye even though the scene is continually changing, and the shores ever verdant. An exception must be made, however, in favor of the immediate environs of Christiania, where the fiord expands into an exceedingly irregular basin, the coasts are steeper, and, at the same time, varied by the aspect of cultivation and of deciduous trees, where numerous detached houses enliven the low grounds, and the more distant hills have a bolder character.

"Christiania itself is seen to advantage from the fiord, as well as from many places in its environs. It is built on an agreeable slope, facing the south. Its suburbs are intermingled with wood. The old castle of Aggershuus, picturesque in form, adorned with fine trees, and standing on a bold promontory, commanding at once the fiord, and the greater part of the town, has a striking effect. The city graduates into the country by means of innumerable villas, built usually in commanding situations, which remind one of the environs of Geneva. Indeed, there is something in the entire aspect of the town and surrounding scenery, which is exceedingly pleasing and peculiar. The traveller who is acquainted with the aspects of middle and southern Eu-

rope finds himself at a loss to draw a comparison. The clearness of the air, the warmth of the sun, and a certain intensity of color which clothes the landscape, involuntarily recall southern latitudes, and even the shores of the Mediterranean. But the impression is counteracted by the background of pine forest, which reminds him of some of the higher and well-wooded cantons of Switzerland, to which the varied outline of the fiord—which may compare in irregularity with the lake of the Four Cantons—lends an additional resemblance; yet again we miss the background of Alpine peaks and perpetual snows."—P. 3.

We have pleasure in finding our attention frequently directed to the fact, that a great resemblance exists between many of the coast features of Norway, and those of the west and north of Scotland, and its isles, but we cannot quite coincide in the conclusion come to by a splenetic tourist, who, after comparing Kirkwall and Christiania, assigns the palm of beauty to the Orcadian capital. The noble cathedral of the latter constitutes its only point of superiority, but alas! for its lowly heights, its woodless fields, and the restricted glories of the Peerie sea! Many of the natural characters of southern Norway, certainly racall to mind those of the northern parts of Britain, but the climate of that portion of Scandinavia is so vastly superior, and correspondingly productive, that our bare and barren isles, with their treeless cliffs, and dark morasses, present also very different features from those of the environs of Christiania, verdant not only with superabundant forests of unvaried spruce and pine, but rejoicing in the oak, ash, and elm, in planes, sycamores, and beeches, all of lofty stature and luxuriant growth—to say nothing of those fruit trees, shrubs, and "bright consummate flowers," whose golden lustre makes this earth a paradise. But in our northern isles the things by courtesy called trees, have a bad habit of resembling large shaving brushes, very much the worse of wear on one side.

The social and civil state, and advanced condition of science and learning, in such far northern cities as Christiania, Bergen, and Trondhiem, (the last named being nearly under the 64th degree,) indicate, according to Professor Forbes, a concurrence of circumstances favorable to civilization, such as are not to be found at the same distance from the equator in any other portion of the globe, and are striking consequences of those laws of physical geography which produce many of the phenomena purely natural, and which it is one of the objects of our author to illustrate and explain.

Our traveller journeyed by carriole across the country to Trondhiem, taking eight days, two of which were partially devoted to repose, and another to an exploration of the Dovrefield. The distance is 330 English miles, 80 of which, however, are performed by steam on the lakes Miösen and Losna. He lauds the civility and honesty of both postmasters and peasants. The scenery throughout is nowhere characterized by Alpine sublimity, though certain parts are almost grand. The Miösen lake forms the receptacle of the noble river Lougen, which has already run a course of 130 miles before it finds its haven of repose at Lillehammer. This lake is deficient in lofty background, and its banks are monotonous. "We miss those lateral *vistas* through which the eye may wander and the fancy speculate, until the receding ranges of mountains are confounded with the clouds." Further on we pass through the ravine of Kringelen, interesting to our countrymen as the fatal spot where Colonel Sinclair, who commanded a body of troops raised in Scotland in 1612, for service under Gustavus Adolphus, was cut off with almost all his men. Along this line, as indeed everywhere else in Norway, a marked peculiarity consists of the absence of villages, which, except it may be sparingly along the western coast are scarcely known. The view of the Dovre-field is dreary enough even in summer, and when winter "rages loud and long," must be wild indeed. It consists of a table land of an average height of rather more than 3000 feet above the sea, with loftier mountains rising from it, some of them, as Snee-hätten, attaining to an elevation of 7000 feet or more. But the greater portion is of much lower height, and the summits being rounded, and the bases of great extent, the picturesque effect is inferior to that of most mountain chains of the same magnitude. The drive from Fogstuen (a solitary farm-house) across the table-land, is nearly level, and resembles the moorland scenery of some of our own wild highland wastes. The hollows are filled up by desolate tarns or dreary swamps, while the drier spots bear a stunted brushwood. The last station on the ascent of the Dovre-field is Jerkind, a substantial dwelling, possessed by people of some wealth, and standing at a height 3100 feet above the sea. For the occupation of travellers, who often pass this way, a separate building has been erected on the opposite side of the road, where, however, our philosopher found the management not so good as he had anticipated from previous report.

Snee-hätten rises from an already lofty base, about 14 English miles from Jerkind. The country is nearly trackless, and the traveller, or rather his sagacious pony, (we think again of Shetland, and its sure-footed *shelties*,) must "pursue the Arimaspian," through swamps and heather, amongst holes and shingle, dangerous for man or beast; he must ford rapid streams, nearly ice-cold; and, worst of all,

must pass over many large patches of treacherous snow, in which his pony will often flounder up to the saddle. Although it requires about four hours' toilsome scramble to reach the base, the ascent of this *field* is so gradual, that an elevation of not more than 1900 feet is gained in that time, after a ride of not less than 14 miles. The ascent of the mountain itself is both disagreeable and dangerous, the foot sinking among interstices at every step, "threatening dislocation or broken bones." There is firmer footing near the summit, but the wind is very cold. The form of the mountain, as observed from the top, is that of a ridge running nearly east and west, precipitously broken towards the south, and sloping steeply in other directions.

The chasm on the south side has been compared to a crater—the mountain ridge bending partly round it like the cliffs of Monta Somma, with which in steepness it may compare; whilst the elevation is much greater. It has been stated that a lake exists in the hollow, but at this time it was no doubt frozen, and concealed by beds of snow. The ridge itself is wildly serrated, and like the entire mountain is composed of a rather friable mica slate. The part on which we stood was a cone of pure snow, cleft vertically on the side of the precipice.—P. 21. "On our return to Jerkind, we supped on rein-deer soup, and found it excellent."—P. 26.

The chiefest discomfort connected with Norwegian travel, arises from the melting of the snow at certain seasons. Not enough of it remains for sledges—too much for carrioles. The roads become snow-pits, not broad enough for carriage-wheels, and retaining pools of ice-cold water. In places where the snow is still deep, it has become incapable of bearing the weight of a horse, and the animal sinks to the girths or more, while the traveller, left to his own resources, endeavors to advance on foot, and plunges first one leg and then another into the chill abyss, and is only relieved by finding himself sitting astride upon a more compacted piece of snow, his extremities dangling in a too-refreshing stream of running water. The end of April and beginning of May are therefore the worst times to travel in Norway.

The passes of the Vaarstige, in the Dovrefield, present some noble scenery, scarcely Alpine, but comparable to the finest parts of the Scottish Highlands. The summit-level is soon after gained, and the onward journey is by descent to Drivstuen, a small hamlet basking on a sunny spot among productive meadows, overhung on both sides by precipitous mountains, and presenting fine views of the ravine and lower valley of the Driva, adorned by the sweet tracery of birch woods, and their silvery stems. Here a large collection of country people had assembled for some object of local interest.

"We had consequently a good opportunity of observing the characteristics of the male inhabitants of this district of Norway. The opinion of a passing traveller ignorant of the language, is, perhaps, hardly worth stating; but having some faith in physiognomy, I will venture to record my impression at the time, that I had never in any country seen so fine a peasantry, in point both of general appearance and of expression, as on this journey, and more particularly on the north descent of the Dovre. The younger men are tall and muscular, and their deportment unites manliness with gentleness in a remarkable degree. As the hair is worn long at all ages, the appearance of the aged men is venerable, and occasionally highly striking. The costume is extremely becoming, being of pale brown home-manufactured woollen cloth slightly embroidered in green, with a belt, curiously jointed with leather and brass, from which hangs a knife (also made in the rural districts) with a carved handle, which is used in eating. A hanging red woollen cap completes the dress. Some travellers declaim against the slowness and stupidity of the Norwegians. Slow they may be as regards the deliberateness of their actions, but, so far as the experience of this journey extends, I should describe them as in general more than commonly intelligent and courteous.—P. 32.

In addition to this favorable testimony, and preceding it, we need scarcely refer to the well-known opinions of Mr. Laing.

Spruce and pine trees reappear in the valley of the Oerkel, the higher and preceding forest vegetation being birch. Those more sombre woods clothe the precipitous banks of a noble river, but a mountainous ridge must be crossed to the Guul, *en route* to Trondhiem. This town, though wide, regular, and well kept, is almost entirely built of wood. It is interesting as the most northern city of civilization, latitude 63 deg. 26 min. Although the oak has ceased to grow, and few fruits come to perfection, it is a cheerful and pleasant place, and the culture of flowers, so strong an affection with Norwegians, is carried on with great success. Fine natural terraces, or "raised beaches," may be here examined, and have been well described by Mr. Robert Chambers, and other recent writers. No mountains of great elevation are visible from the shore, and the character of the scene again resembles that of our beloved Scottish Highlands, where the "great sea-waters" wind their restless way through long narrow inlets amid the silence of the lonely hills.

Northwards of this station Norway soon becomes little else than a mountainous shore, intersected by deep fiords, and guarded by great insular masses detached from the main-land. As roads almost immediately cease, it may easily be conceived how various and invalua-

ble are now the uses of constant steam navigation for more than 700 miles northwards to Hammerfest.

Taking advantage of this arrangement, I left Trondhiem with the companions of my journey from Christiania, on board the steamer "Prinds Gustav," bound for Hammerfest. Having been for a fortnight almost continually on board this well-appointed and well-officered vessel, I cannot but record my obligations to Captain Lous of the Norwegian navy, who commanded it, who exerted no common assiduity and no common talents, to render the voyage agreeable and instructive, to all his passengers, and for his courtesy to myself I retain feelings of the liveliest gratitude.—P. 42.

The English friends or fellow-travellers with whom our Professor had journeyed hitherto, were on their way "to the far north for salmon fishing," and they parted only under the 70th degree. We fear, from the very casual and inadequate reference made, here and there throughout his volume, to this great subject, that Professor Forbes is not sufficiently impressed with the dignity and importance, either of angling in general, or of salmon-fishing in particular. Thus, while voyaging along a particular portion of the shore, he merely notes, that "the Namsen river, well known to English salmon-fishers, falls into the Folden-fiord." —P. 44. And further onwards, in describing Reipas on the river Alten, as a very nest of mosquitoes, he observes: —

But for my veil I should have passed a night of torment, and even with it I had great difficulty in falling asleep, from the loudness of their hum, the sharpness of their bite even through the veil, and the broad day-light, which, as usual, streamed in at all the windows. It appeared to me difficult to imagine that custom could reconcile any one to such a continuous infliction. Yet summer is a period so ardently desired by all, whether natives or strangers, who dwell in these high latitudes, that the plague of flies is perhaps considered an insignificant deduction from their gratification. More paradoxical still it does appear to every one but an angler, that the charms of sport should be sufficient to induce English gentlemen every year to spend their days and nights an unprotected prey to these savage insects; and, most unexpected of all, to find a delicate English lady surrendering herself to her husband's passion for fishing so completely, as to become a willing prisoner in this terrible locality.—P. 95.

What a charming creature she must have been! We wish we knew her.

Hestmando, or the Horseman's island, is interesting as commencing the entrance into the arctic circle. The existence of a peculiarly fresh and verdant vegetation is now perceptible, the result of rapid development by the unceasing presence of the sun. Though barren of aspect from a distance, the grass on Hestmando is knee-deep. From the Bay of Rödö to the right, and onwards, the coast now rises with more than its accustomed majesty, and over the snowy summits of Fondalen, seen through the clearest air, the rich glow of an arctic summer's midnight prevailed in all its splendor, and detained the passengers on deck, entranced by admiration of so solemn and glorious a scene. We are now in a region which, during the summer season, knows not night, at least if night means darkness, —

"A sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun."

Of course, the great difficulty is to discover when to go to bed, especially in fine weather, while gliding so serenely over the smoothest water, among long serried ranges of fantastic islands, or into the still haven of the interior fiords, rock-bound, or bordered by the sombre majesty of immemorial woods.

"We lingered on deck," says our philosopher, "long after midnight had passed, and thus gained a sight of the magnificent headland of Kunnen, a mountain with an almost precipitous face towards the ocean, whilst its mass is connected with the mainland only by a strip of flat alluvium, giving to it the appearance of an island. During the whole night there was shed from the northern sky a warm sunset tint over the scenery —sea, rock, and verdure, (for much beautiful verdure there is even here,) and snow, and glacier, —whose *continuing* effect was indescribably harmonious and peaceful. Thus, in one day's voyage, beginning with Torghattan, and ending with Kunnen, we had enjoyed, under the most favorable circumstances of calm sea and cheerful weather, and a glowing midnight, an amount of majestic scenery, with which, in its kind, perhaps no European coast can compare."—P. 53.

Although potatoes and barley are still successfully cultivated along these northern shores, and the flocks rejoice in green pastures, it is believed that less agricultural exertion is made than might be, especially in respect to winter provender, such as turnips, which must surely thrive well in Scandinavia, else the name of "Swedes" must be a misnomer. The venerable priest of Bodo, who had formerly resided as far north as Carlzö, in latitude 70 deg., found that turnips throve there admirably. Yet several degrees farther south the horses and cattle are fed in winter, partly on the dried leaves of the birch-tree, but chiefly on sea-weed and the heads of boiled fish! The old clergyman admitted that much might be done in ameliorating the state of stock; but criticism was disarmed by his returning to the primary difficulty: "here we have nine months of winter, and *three weeks* of summer!"

The coast scenery between Folden-fiord

and the great western inlet, bounded sea-wards by the Lofodden Islands, is varied and magnificent, and is well described by Professor Forbes, in his own peculiar and observant way: —

"As the steamer pursued its rapid course through a tranquil sea, and under the very rocks, new forms of mountains rose in succession, assuming more and more the true granitic character, and often nearly the volcanic, as the red color and the forms of false craters, frequent in certain granitic formations, obtained more and more. The brightness of the green with which the shores and bases of the hills were clothed, added to the beauty of the effect by contrast with the ruddy hues of the bare summits, and the large patches of snow which still rested in the hollows; but as sunset, or rather midnight, approached, and the attractions of another calm and mild evening rivetted us to the deck, a still more astonishing prospect was presented to us. In approaching the station of Grötö, the steamer was navigated through a singular natural canal, of so intricate a kind, that more than once it was impossible to divine how she should be extricated. . . . . On emerging from the labyrinth of low islands and headlands, we find ourselves quite suddenly in the Vest-fiord, with the stupendous range of the Lofodden islands spread in a moment panorama-like before us."—P. 59.

An encampment of Lapps is visited in the vicinity of Tromsö. Their diminutive stature and squalid aspect produced at first an unpleasing impression, afterwards counteracted by signs of intelligence, and a certain sweetness of expression. A young mother, with rather pleasing features, was observed to bring out her baby, and *pack it up* for the night, in a little cradle cut out of the solid wood, and stuffed with rein-deer moss. It fitted the space, we presume, like an embryo butterfly in the skin of the chrysalis, and when once deposited could stir neither hand nor foot. The elder children "played nicely with one another." The whole wealth of these people consisted of rein-deer, of which the two families possessed about 700. The milk of these animals is small in quantity, (Mr. Lloyd says, "on an average, less than half a pint,") but excessively rich. It was near midnight before the exploring party regained the seaward shore. The atmospheric scene was glorious, the *nocturnal* sun shining warm and ruddy across the calm and tranquil Sound, — more like an evening in the Bay of Naples, than midnight in the arctic regions.

The lofty island of Kaagen, under the 70th degree, presents on its northern face a fine glacier, descending to no great distance from the sea. The hills above and around are finely formed, and recall to mind the mightier mountains of Savoy.

"A pretty extensive *névé* is formed in a hollow where the snow accumulates, and there the glacier proper is elaborated; it then works its way down through a precipitous and narrow ravine, after which, expanding slightly laterally, it seems literally to hang on the slope, in form like a frozen tear, its very shape giving evidence to its tenacious plasticity. The sight of this glacier alone, even from a distance, with its crevasses and miniature moraines visible to the telescope, would have satisfied me that the glaciers of the north, even to the 70th degree, (which is exactly the latitude of Kaagen,) and those of the Alps, as low as latitude 45°, are identical in their nature."—P. 77.*

Our traveller landed at the head of the Alten-fiord, making excursions up the river, till the return of the steamer from Hammerfest, that most northern town of all the world.

Getting again on board the Prinds Gustav, he voyaged southwards by the same course as that which he had already traversed. But from Tronhiem by Christiansand, etc., to Bergen, the scene was new. In the vicinity of Molde, and numerous other stations, the views are magnificent. Having heard much of the gloomy grandeur of the cliffs of the Sogne-fiord, he was somewhat disappointed. That fiord is the most ramified and far-reaching of all the sea waters of Scandinavia, extending inwards not less than 110 miles to the head of the Lyster-fiord, one of its most landward tributaries. The Norsk blood of Bergen has been greatly diluted by German intermixture. One of the few zoological notices in the volume now under review, relates to the beaver, a specimen of which is preserved in the Bergen Museum, and which we are informed still occurs in some abundance in Tellemarken, and the district north-west of Arendal. But, on the whole, it has latterly diminished so much in numbers, that it is now rigorously protected by law, for a certain term of years. The extirpation of any of the few remaining colonies of this interesting and industrious creature, would

* We may here note that the term *névé*, as used above, is applied to those large upper basins of compacted snow, which *feed* the glaciers, and from which the latter, occupying the natural outlet of a valley or alpine hollow, take their origin. According to Professor Forbes, the existence of perpetual snow is not of itself sufficient to produce a glacier. Great dryness and *extreme* cold are unfavorable. It is believed that there are no glaciers in Siberia, and in the tropical regions of South America, if any, they are small. But they abound in the more foggy regions of Cape Horn. A piece of bare or rocky ground, where snow *melts*, is regarded as almost indispensable for a true glacier, while a neve may or may not be so accompanied. Whenever this conjunction of uncovered ground and snow takes place, with, moreover, a good *feeder* or snow valley, and not too great an elevation, and even a very moderate slope, *there* a glacier must form as a matter of necessity.—See *Norway and its Glaciers*, pp. 136 and 217.

certainly be a regretful thing. With the bear, the wild boar, and the wolf, it forms a quartette of quadrupeds, which the increase of population and the progress of agriculture have caused to cease in Britain within the historic period. We have had no authentic information regarding European beavers for many a year. We believe there is no specific difference between the gregarious animal of North America, and the few isolated pairs which still establish their less republican dwellings along the banks of some of the great European rivers, such as the Rhine, the Danube, and the Weser. Their great requirements are a thinly peopled country, with abundance of wood and water. In the American arctic regions, their northern extension seems restricted solely by the absence or deficiency of wood. Thus the districts called the "Barren Grounds," do not produce beavers, because they do not yield enough even of the hardy willow for their subsistence. But that they are in no way deterred by the long endurance or intensity of cold, where other conditions are more favorable, is evident from their distribution on the banks of the Mackenzie, the largest and best-wooded of all the American rivers which discharge their waters into the icy basin of the Polar Sea. Many are known to occur there as high as latitude 68 deg. Pennant extended their southern limit as far as latitude 30 deg., that is, almost into the Gulf of Mexico; but Mr. Say, a native writer, with a better actual knowledge of details, assigns the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi (about seven degrees further north) as their boundary in that direction. Their flesh is greatly prized by both the roving Indian and our Canadian voyagers, especially when roasted in the skin, after the hair has been singed off. This, of course, is an expensive luxury much frowned at by the fur-traders. We believe that in comparatively recent times the use of silk and other materials in the manufacture of hats, has lessened the demand for, and reduced the price of, beaver-skins. It is recorded that, in the year 1743, the amount brought into London and Rochelle exceeded 150,000, exclusive of the illicit trade. We have seen it stated that, as late as 1808, no fewer than 126,927 beaver-skins were exported to Britain from Quebec alone; while, according to Sir John Richardson, the number brought to London in 1837, from an extent of fur-country four times greater than that formerly hunted, did not much exceed 80,000. In respect to the Scandinavian beavers, we should have liked to be informed whether they are gregarious and dam-building, like their brethren of the Western world, or, like those of Eastern Europe, merely dwell as a persecuted people, few and far between in solitary pairs, along the excavated banks of shady rivers.

Professor Forbes was at Bergen during the 28th of July, 1851, a day of solemn remembrance, as that of the solar eclipse. As this last town is one of the rainiest in all the north, it may seem to have been injudiciously selected for any astronomical purpose. But he had many other objects in view in the course of this excursion, and with these, the selection of another site would not have suited. The sky became overcast soon after the commencement of the eclipse, and prior to the period of total obscuration, it was covered by a mantle of impenetrable clouds. There seems something singular, on reflection, in the advent of our voyagers, from the ceaseless glare of the arctic regions into the gloom of this gigantic shadow. How awful the change, how striking the contrast! The great luminary shining in amplest glory all the livelong night, shedding such lustre over glittering seas and golden mountains, and then—not slowly sinking in the far west—but almost, as it were, at noonday suddenly blotted from the sky, "no sun, no moon, total eclipse." What thought the lonely shepherd on the hills, when first beset by that portentous shade! "A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness." He doubtless feared that the "holy light," which he had so often hailed when the morning was spread upon the mountains, had passed away forever.

"The approach of the eclipse had been denoted by the appearance of a great black cloud in the north-west, which gradually rose above the horizon like an approaching storm; but its boundary (for it was merely the shadow in the sky) was too vague to produce the appalling sense of the onward movement of a real substance, with a speed exceeding about one hundred fold that of the most rapid railway train, and making right for the spectator, as I had observed on the plains of Piedmont on accasion of the total eclipse of 1842. But the restoration of the light,—the new dawn, when the shadow of darkness had passed by,—was perhaps quite as grand."—P. 115.

The time of the last total eclipse in Norway does not appear upon the surface of things, but popular tradition still recurs to an event of that kind, recorded in the Sagas, and which is now known to have happened more than eight hundred years ago. Professor Harsteen of Christiania, has worked his way backwards, and ascertained that it took place on the afternoon of the 31st of August, 1030, when, we dare say, there were very few philosophers present. But King Olaf chanced to do battle on that day with his rebellious subjects, who were urged on by Knut, a person well known both to Danes and Englanders, and who desired to add Norway to his dominions. Olaf was returning from Sweden with some auxiliary troops, and had entered his own territories, not far from the town of Trondhiem. He met the revolters, a power-

ful host, in Vandal, about sixty miles north-east of the capital, boldly gave them battle, but was defeated and slain. It is related in the chronicle of him who rejoices in the well-known name of Snorre Sturlason, that "the weather was fine, and the sun shone clear, but after the fight began, a red hue overspread the sky and the sun, and before the battle ended, it was dark as night." And one of the skalds, or ballad-mongers of the day, expressed it thus:—"The unclouded sun refused to warm the Northman. A great wonder happened that day. It was deprived of its fair light." What a painful predicament for a man who wishes to run away from a battle, to be caught by an eclipse, and thereby unhappily induced to take the wrong course, right against the central van of a ferocious enemy! Those who have not forgotten their ancient history, will recall to mind the eclipse of Thales, which occurred during a bloody fight between the Medes and Lydians, and fortunately struck such terror into *both parties*, that they made peace upon the spot. This shows that even lunar influence sometimes leads to wise resolves. There is no doubt, however, that this total obscuration of the sun at an unusual time, is one of the gravest and most solemnizing incidents which can happen to us here below. Mr. Airy, our distinguished Astronomer-Royal, in speaking of its moral effect, observes, that "the phenomenon is in fact one of the most terrible that man can witness, and no degree of partial eclipses can give any idea of its horror." But we have here to do rather with "things of the earth," and so must cease commercing with the skies.*

If any one will cast his eye over a map of the country, we are now engaged in, he will see that its western parts are, in fact, peninsulas, cut off from each other and the rest of the world by deep, though narrow, fiords and mountainous *fields*. The province of Bergenhuus is thus, more especially, kept in somewhat stern and desolate isolation.

"A range of most rugged mountains, crossed by but one road, divides it from the provinces of Christiansand, Aggershuus, and Trondhiem; and the space thus cut off is not only in almost every part embattled with mountains, and scarred with chasms, but the ocean seems to struggle, step by step, for possession with the dry land, thrusting its many fingered arms into the heart of the country,—not rolling its waves upon green slopes and shores which invite cultivation, but dashing them against the breakers, or lying in motionless pools at the foot of impending cliffs inaccessible to man or beast. It is amidst such scenes that the character of the Norwegian landscape may be rightly appreciated, and the two great fiords of Hardanger and Sogne afford the best inlets to it,—the one lying on the south, the other to the north of Bergen, and the character of both increasing in wildness as we recede from the coast." P. 120.

This is a very characteristic passage. We specially approve of the "waves" being made to battle with the "breakers," and of the truthful distinction of forces thereby implied. Thomas Campbell, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and many more, make these two things, if not identical, yet to differ merely in the one being blue, silent, and translucent, the other white, roaring, and surfy. But the natural philosopher knows and keeps in mind, that it is that horrid fixture, the dark, impenetrable rock, that is the actual *breaker*, the watery element being nothing more than *breakee*.

Our tourist proceeds from Bergen by a varied and devious route, first by land, and then sea-ways through the picturesque narrows of Log-sund, (which divide the island of Tysenes from the mainland, much as our own beautiful and pleasant "Kyles" do Bute from the county of Argyle,) and so across the Hardanger-fiord, one of the greatest of the salt water lochs of Norway. He then observes a magnificent water-fall along shore, describes the picturesque costume of the peasants, and visits the glaciers, which descend from that great plateau of snow called Folgefonden. The route towards them is wild, with some fine Alpine features. Ascending a broken mound of huge detached blocks, the party came upon a lake which barred their pedestrian progress, being placed amid an amphitheatre of hills so steep and rugged, and the sides so seamed by raging torrents, as to be quite impassable without the aid of a small skiff, which they fortunately found at hand. These steeps are, however, clothed with trees, to the height, it may be, of 2,000 feet, with gleaming spots of pasture here and there. Higher up, are the bare and sterile rocks, the head of the desolate valley being closed and crowned by a gleaming coronet of the Folgefond's perpetual snows, while a grand contrast of color is formed by four or five large cataracts which intersect the sombre woods, each by an unbroken band of silvery brightness, and the loud resounding voice of many waters. Utné, at the mouth of the Sor-fiord, is an excellent country inn, and a convenient centre from which to explore the upper reaches of the Hardanger-fiord. Re-crossing the latter, the travellers make a detour northwards by one of those peninsular bases before referred to,

* The pictorial or landscape effects of the last total eclipse are well described by Professor Piazzi Smyth, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xx, part. 3, p. 503. He made many fine drawings of the "aspects of nature," during different stages of the observation, only one of which, however, is engraved.

and so descend upon an inland ramification of the Sogne-fiord, the mouth which had been formerly passed while voyaging to Bergen.

We wish we were writing a book upon Norway, instead of only analyzing a far better one than we could ever make. What we want is space, which abounds in Norway, but is circumscribed in this Review. So we must now hasten over the highway to Christiania, by a diagonal cut across the country, south-eastwards, and somewhat parallel with the more northerly line by which we set out, making but slight reference to the fearfully impressive features of the upper portions of these far inland fiords. "The clouds continued to descend, and settled at length on the summits of the unscalable precipices which for many miles bound this most desolate and even terrific scene."* Innumerable objects of interest present themselves, and will be found admirably discussed and described in Professor Forbes's volume. We shall merely remark that the climate of these interior reaches of the great Sogne-fiord, although in the near neighborhood of the loftiest ground in Norway, and of its largest snow-fields, is far superior to that of the more seaward coast, with its incessant rain. Another peculiarity worthy of record is, that although the water at the head of these fiords is so fresh as to be drinkable without discomfort, the sea-weed (we doubt not greatly modified in its ordinary characters) is found growing, even at the top of the creeks. These inland waters are quite frozen over in winter, and so strongly as to permit of all kinds of traffic; but as they are all tidal channels, the ice is detached from the shore, and falls and rises with the ebb and flow. It may give an idea of the wild seclusion of some of these valleys to state, that the bodies of those who die in winter are kept in a frozen state till the advancing season admits of their being carried to the grave. These hardened corpses are sometimes tied astride, and supported by a bag of hay, upon the back of a sure-footed pony, and thus ride to church for the last time. Professor Forbes's Scandinavian tour was terminated by a land journey of upwards of 200 English miles, from Lærdalsören to Christiania, across the Fille-field, and this portion of the work concludes with two chapters on some points in the physical geography of Norway, chiefly connected with its snow-fields and glaciers. On these, however, we cannot at present enter, but shall devote a few pages to the general characteristics of the scenery.

Though a lofty country in its mass, and justly regarded as mountainous, it is so rather in relation to its general elevation than from the marked or peculiar height of its isolated summits. Its highest ground is 8500 feet above the level of the sea, in lat. 61 1-2. Throughout its entire length it defends Sweden, like a huge breakwater, from the tremendous inroads of the North Sea, and the peculiar and most striking features of the coast are its rugged irregular outline, the far-receding depths of its fiords or sea-lochs, the boldness of its headlands, and its almost countless islands.

In relation to the picturesque, the pervading features of Norway may be classed under three great heads,—the Valleys, the Fields, and the Fiords. The first are not dissimilar to the tamer portions of the Alps, being "often picturesque, sometimes grand, and occasionally highly pleasing," especially when adorned by the addition of still waters. The second are in a great measure peculiar to the country, and must no doubt disappoint many who are not prepared for, or have mis-conceived their nature. The Fields (or Fjelds) of Norway are table-topped mountains, so flat and broad, that, bating some little roughness and the want of roads, a coach and four might be driven either onwards or across them for many miles; and it is in fact the existence of these vast and frequent plateaux that constitutes the chief peculiarity of the mountain character of the country. When the eye of the alpine traveller wanders over these expanded elevations, the valleys which intersect the ranges, being inconspicuous from their narrowness, and the higher ground presenting great uniformity of surface, the merely pic-

* We are always anxious to bring down philosophers of the highest class into the category of view-hunters and lovers of the picturesque. It soothes our own occasionally uneasy conscience, when we find ourselves gazing from some lonely mountain side, for half a summer's day, or rambling almost objectless along the rocky banks of murmuring rivers, to think that the intellectually illustrious of the land have, in a modified measure, performed the same feats of idleness. We know that Professor Airy, that Starry Galileo, not seldom bends his eyes from "the sparkling firmament on high," to study the fair features of this dim spot which men call earth, and is indeed a passionate admirer and explorer of rural scenery, especially mountainous. He traversed the wilds of Sutherland, during a very unpropitious period of the summer of 1850, and in a brief communication with which we chanced to be honored regarding that northern tour, he states as follows:—"Three circumstances have made a strong impression on us. First, the kindness of the residents whom we saw, in particular of Mrs. Scobie of Keoldale, with whom we lodged several nights; secondly, the wildness and majesty of the country, which, in many respects, is unequalled; thirdly, the ferocity of the weather, to which I have seen no parallel. In crossing the Moin we had a hail storm, and between Kyle Scou and Loch Inver, one of wind and rain, each in its kind far surpassing anything that I had ever seen." The word *ferocity* expresses well the tiger-like tearing of these sudden bursts of passion on the part of the Highland atmosphere, and was recalled to our mind by Professor Forbes's "*terrific* scene."

turesque effect, in spite of the occasional undoubted grandeur of the scene, is much diminished. The view from Snee-hatten, for example, exhibits a panorama of the greatest mountain masses in Scandinavia, and yet, mainly for the reasons stated, its ascent, except to those specially interested in physical geography, scarcely repays the toil.

"These *fields* or *fjelds* are often interminable wildernesses, undulating, or varied only by craggy heights devoid of majesty, rarely attaining the snow line, but spotted over with ungainly patches of white. Von Buch, all whose descriptions betray a very ardent determination to exalt the scenery of Norway, compares the aspect of Sneehätten to that of Mont Blanc, as seen from the Breven! But it would be difficult, I should think, to find a seconder for such a judgment. The heights of the summits of Norwegian mountains above the table-land which forms their base, is usually too small to give them much effect. But the scenery of the fiords and the profound valleys, which may be considered as the mere prolongation of them, is the really distinguishing feature of Norway as regards the picturesque.—It is analogous, indeed, to that of the west of Scotland, but on a scale of much greater grandeur; and by those who have fully appreciated with due leisure, and under favorable circumstances of weather, the magnificent scenery of our Hebrides, including Orkney and Shetland, and the western firths, the praise will not seem small. The depth of the inlets, the precipitousness and continuity of the cliffs, the number and singular forms of rocks and islands, occasion a succession of prospects the most varied and surprising.—Thus the frequent appearance of perpetual snow, and the occurrence of glaciers close to the sea, give a vivid interest to the luxuriance of vegetation, and the warm tones of color which in fine weather commonly prevail."—P. 248.

Another charming characteristic of Norway is the sparkling abundance of running waters,—its noble rivers and impressive falls forming, perhaps, the finest of its features. Our chief objection to water-falls in our own country is, that during the summer season of research in that department they generally contain no water. The traveller may be inundated for many a moist and misty week among the mountains, but when he comes to some great rocky chasm famed for its cataract, he seldom sees anything but gray and ghastly crags, silent as death, or shedding a few sad tears in memory of more jovial (*Jupiter pluvialis*) days and nights gone by.

"The *sounding* cataract haunted him like a passion," is the great Laker's account of one who may have carried cascade-hunting to excess, and was morbidly affected thereby. If made the exclusive object of a journey, it seldom fails to produce disappointment, and the mind keeping itself as it were shut up from other and far finer things which are beautiful upon the mountains and clothe the earth as with a garment, allows itself to be cheated by the indulgent expectancy of that deafening wonder. The side of a cataract is also a very cold place for a pic-nic for any but a party of the most determined tee-totallers, and even they frequently feel it too much for them, and sometimes require to be actually carried home—such is the force and efficiency of strong waters. In a very sultry and elsewhere airless day, the undulations of the atmosphere, and the mist-like showers of broken spray, are most refreshing, but there is almost always a deficiency of good grassy slopes on which to lay ourselves out reposingly like ancient Romans, and foolish young people are ever and anon making still more foolish old ones cry out screechingly, by "going too near the edge," or standing on picturesque perching places, where men and maidens love to congregate, "and dally with the wind, and scorn the sun." We quite agree with Professor Forbes that small water-falls, unthought of till discovered by one's-self, and enjoyed by not more than two at a time, are on the whole the best. You feel a pleasant and not unjustifiable pride in your position, and believe for the time that it is unknown to all the world but yourselves, and so those silvery streamlets, in their "innocent brightness," often convey a higher and more vivid sense of beauty, and produce a more pleasing impression, than do the awful and gigantic gorges where resound the dreadful voices of the sons of thunder. Now Norway abounds in cataracts of every kind, beyond all calculation, and hence its charm.

"Running water of a bright and sparkling green is seen on every side, at least in the valleys; it pours over cliffs often in a single leap, but more frequently and more effectively in a series of broken falls, spreading laterally as it descends, and rivetting the imagination for a long time together in the attempt to trace its subtile ramifications. The sound is rather a murmur than a roar, so divided are the streams, and so numerous the shelves of rock tipped with foam; whilst a luxuriant vegetation of birch and alder overarches the whole, instead of being repelled by the wild tempest of air which accompanies the greater cataract. At other times single threads of snow-white water stretch down a steep of 2000 feet or more, connecting the field above and the valley below; they look so slender that we wonder at their absolute uniformity and perfect whiteness throughout so great a space,—never dissipated in air,—never disappearing under *debris*; but on approaching these seeming threads we are astonished at their volume, which is usually such as completely to stop communication from bank to bank."—P. 250.

The source of all this profusion of living waters is to be sought and found in the pecu-

liar configuration of the country already referred to—the mountains being wide and flattened, the valleys deep and far apart. The surfaces of the lofty plateaux receive and collect the rains which are afterwards drawn into the narrow channels of the vales, but as these vales ramify little, and usually maintain single lines, and are separated laterally from the *fields* by precipitous slopes, the single rivers which water those lengthened lower grounds necessarily represent the drainage of a vast extent of upper country, and are chiefly fed by streamlets which, having finished their course on the plateaux, are at last thrown as cascades into the ravines below. The fall of rain, also, is large in Norway, and may be presumed to be even greater on the *fields* than in the interior valleys. These mountainous plains are so elevated as to be covered during more than two-thirds of the year with snow, and for that period are comparatively almost dry.

"The vast accumulations of autumn, winter, and spring, are to be thawed during the almost constant warmth of the long summer days. In this season alone, the interior of Norway is usually visited, and we see the result in the amount of drainage concentrated into that brief season. In the Alps, no doubt, a similar cause is active; but the comparative rarity of the cascade is explained by the absolute want of table-lands, and the infinitely ramified character of the valleys.—In the Pyrenees, which have a still more ridge-like character than the Alps, the cascades are more numerous, but yet far more scanty."—P. 251.

All the features and phenomena of glaciers, as observed by Professor Forbes in Norway, tended to confirm his theory of their cause of motion, as explained in his former work.* The leading facts on which that theory was then established are as follows:—1. That the downward motion of the ice from the mountains towards the valleys is a continuous and regular motion, going on night and day without starts or stops. 2. That it occurs in winter as well as in summer, though less in amount. 3. That it varies at all times with the temperature, being less in cold than in hot weather. 4. That rain and melted snow tend to accelerate the glacier motion. 5. That the *centre* of the glacier moves faster than the sides, as is the case in a river. 6. The *surface* of the glacier moves faster than the bottom, also as in a river. 7. The glacier moves faster (*other things being supposed alike*) on steep inclinations. 8. The motion of a glacier is not prevented, nor its continuity hindered, by contractions of the rocky channel in which it moves, nor by the inequalities of its bed. 9. The crevasses are for the most part formed annually—the old ones disappearing by the collapse of the ice during and after the hot season. The theory of motion, deduced from the facts above referred to, is this:—

"That a glacier is a plastic mass impelled by gravity, having tenacity sufficient to mould itself upon the obstacles which it encounters, and to permit one portion to slide past another without fracture, except when the forces are so violent as to produce discontinuity in the form of a crevasse, or more generally of a bruised condition of the mass so acted on;—that, in consequence, the motion of such a mass on a great scale resembles that of a river, allowance being made for almost incomparably greater viscosity,—hence the retardation of the sides and bottom. Finally, that diminution of temperature, diminishing the plasticity of the ice and also the hydrostatic pressure of the water which fills every pore in summer, retards its motion, whilst warmth and wet produce a contrary effect. These are the opinions which I laid down 1842, and which ten years' experience and consideration have only tended to confirm."—P. 235.

As our author's principal object in publishing his present work was to connect his observations on the glaciers of Switzerland and Savoy with those which he had made in Norway, he has added the narrative of three Alpine journeys of older date, all referring to the wildest and most ice-bound regions of the central parts of Europe. These will well repay the reader's most considerate study, but do not enter within our present field. We must now take up some other departments of Scandinavian adventure.

If Professor Forbes is a great philosopher, and not much of a sportsman, so Mr. Lloyd is a great sportsman, and very little of a philosopher. They thus most opportunely supplement each other. The philosopher, however, is as usual, the more careful and considerate of the two, having distinct and special ideas concerning what he has in view, a methodical mode of endeavoring to ascertain the true relations of things, great discrimination in the disentangling and re-arrangement of mixed phenomena, and a precise manner of communicating his observations and conclusions, without ambiguity or exaggeration. But Mr. Lloyd, notwithstanding his great personal prowess and large powers of endurance, combined with a good natural capacity for observation, a sincere love of truth, and long practical experience through fields and forests, "dingle and bushy dell," among trembling morasses, on the enduring sides of mountains, and over multitudinous lakes and rivers, still takes much on hearsay, and more frequently reports the opinions of others, even on points connected with his own peculiar calling as a

* See "Travels in the Alps of Savoy," etc., chap. xxi, and "Norway and its Glaciers," p. 234.

sporting naturalist, than was to be either expected or desired. His mental constitution presents some contradictions. Phrenologically speaking, he has a large organ of credulity, and although he has by no means so delusive a sight as Signor Acerbi, who saw whales in the Malar lake, (very sweet and fresh most other people find it,) yet he certainly records not a few things, especially such as he takes on report, which, in the familiar language of Shakspeare, are "very like a whale." At the same time, after many years' residence in Sweden, and the most ample opportunities for *verification*, by personal study and observation, of difficult or disputed points, he still continues in doubt regarding many things which might have been ascertained during so prolonged a stay, and which we at home were most desirous accurately to know. He was long in actual error regarding several species of the finny race, and we are not assured that his views are quite translucent even now. However, when he has seen reason to change his opinions, he makes acknowledgment of former mistakes in a very praiseworthy and becoming spirit.

The art of "fish-culture" which has recently assumed such high importance, and in a poor, yet, ichthyologically speaking, productive country like Scandinavia, ought to be sedulously attended to, would be as "love's labor lost" if applied in ignorance of the natural history of fishes, or under any misapprehension of the nature and instincts of the particular species on which the experiments were tried. For example, had Mr. Lloyd persevered in supposing that the fishes which he had so often seen and handled in Lake Wenern, and the river Gotha *above* the great cataracts, were true salmon, which had bred and prospered in those sweet waters without the necessity of any access to the sea, and had he been right in such supposition, then the more true salmon spawn, and fry of that fine fish, gathered from the ends of the earth, and planted in the sparkling tributaries of Lake Wenern, the better for all concerned. But if he was wrong in his alleged fact of salmon being naturally found in these localities, then the more spawn and fry carried to them, the greater would be the loss and the less the gain, because the imported fishes would obey the most irrepressible law of their own instinctive nature, and would at an early period of their innocuous lives seek and gain the sea—descending by the great cataracts, no doubt with some danger, and great dismay, but without entire discomfiture. Their return upwards, however, would be rendered impossible by the action of gravity, so that when once out of Lake Wenern and below the cataracts, they would be seen above them no more for ever, and thus, although the sowing might be perpetual, the harvest would be as far off as ever, and the question of *cui bono* would find but a feeble echo amid the ceaseless turmoil of Trollhatten. Now we have long known the fact, and Mr. Lloyd himself at length admits it, that the so-called salmon of Lake Wenern, although salmonidæ, are not true salmon but fresh water trout,—dolcemente feroce,—and have never seen the sea, although well acquainted with salt when congregated with a view to a somewhat forced migration in barrels up the Baltic and elsewhere. When we first read Mr. Lloyd's former volumes, the "Northern Sports," many long years ago, bearing in mind the obstructive nature not only of cataracts in general, but of the very full and particular falls in question, we certainly marvelled greatly at his account of above 20,000 true salmon having been caught at one fishing station on Lake Wenern in a single season. We took occasion at an after period, in an article on angling in this Review, to make the following remarks on that statement, and we shall now quote our former observations for the sake of the historical connection:—

"We may here note, that the large fish found in Lake Wenern are there called *Lax*, the northern name for salmon, and that this lax use of the term seems to have misled Mr. Lloyd, (as it afterwards puzzled Mr. Laing,) the author of "Northern Field Sports," into the belief that they were actual salmon, dwelling continuously in fresh water, and having no access to and from the salubrious sea. "Near Katrinsberg," Mr. Lloyd observes, "there is a valuable fishing for salmon, ten or twelve thousand of these fish being taken annually. These salmon are bred in a lake, and in consequence of cataracts, cannot have access to the sea. They are small in size, and inferior in flavor. The year 1820 furnished 21,817."—Vol. i. p. 301. . . . . As Mr. Lloyd resides near Trollhätten, where he carries on a fishery, and likewise kills largely by trolling, his experience must have been so ample and long continued, that the opposing opinion of a casual critic might go for nothing; but, besides that, the existence of true salmon in any water above a cataract, acknowledged to be impassable upwards from the sea, is contrary to all the known facts in the history of that fish, we took occasion to examine the species in question while at Trollhätten, so far back as the autumn of 1819, and were quite satisfied that they were loch-trout, closely allied to, if not identical with, our well-known Highland species—*Salmo ferox*."—*N. B. R.*, vol. ix. p. 98.

Turning to Mr. Lloyd's recent, and in several respects, more accurate work, we find the following confirmatory passage:—

"Before concluding my observations on the salmon, it may be proper to remark, that when in the "Northern Sports" I spoke of the *S. salar* as an inhabitant of the Wenern and its tributaries, I was decidedly in error; for to say nothing of

the all but impossibility of that fish getting up the Falls of Trollhätten, I have since ascertained that the fish in the Lake of the genus Salmo are no other than huge trout. I was partly led into the mistake by the Swedish naturalists telling us that the *S. salar* constantly inhabits some of the larger of the Scandinavian lakes; partly, also, from every one calling it the *Lax*, or salmon; and from not having sufficiently examined the specimens that came in my way,—none of which indeed were anything like full-grown, and of course had not the same marked characters as the adult. The law, moreover, classed the fish in question as *Lax*, or salmon, in contradistinction to the *Lax Oring* or trout, people being permitted to kill the latter at all seasons, whereas the former, at a particular time of the year, is protected by law."—*Scandinavian Adventures*, vol. i. p. 89.

The true salmon, (*Salmo salar*, Linn.) the *Lax*, par excellence, of the Swedes, is, however, abundant in the Gotha, during the season, but, for the reason just stated, never ascends higher than the deep pools immediately below the great cataracts at Trollhatten. It is just possible that a fish might make its way upwards by the purgatorial ascent, through twelve or fourteen dismal sluices which lead to the upper level of the river, and eventually by the Wenersborg Canal into Lake Wenern. But no such accidental occurrence has ever been recorded, and, if it happened, would in no way lead to the final settlement of salmon in that magnificent expanse, unless the natural instincts of the young could be made to undergo a change.

Mr. Lloyd states, that salmon being readily attracted by white objects, the Norwegian fishermen proceed upon a knowledge of this fact, and suspend sheets, or white-wash the rocks in the vicinity of their nets, or erect white boards (Laxe-blikks—salmon attractors) to represent "the foam of the cataract, of which we presume him to be in search." According to the Scotch practice of "sunning the water," that is, spearing salmon during bright day-light, when the river is low and clear, white objects, such as the bleached skeleton of a horse's head, are used to frighten, or rather to dazzle and stupefy the fish by glare, but we do not suppose that it draws them towards the leister. In the same ratio, adds our author, as white attracts salmon, red, on the contrary, "according to Pontoppidan," is the object of his greatest antipathy, so that in parts of Norway, the fishermen never venture to follow their vocation attired in cap or jacket of that color; and individuals have even been so deeply impressed with the "truth of this assumption," as to remove the tiles from the roof of their dwellings. Moreover, the salmon is so fearful of shadows, that the wandering flight of some solitary bird over his liquid lair, is enough to drive him downwards, and if while swimming along the coasts of Norway, he should come to a spot where a lofty mountain casts its far shadows on the sea, he retreats, "we are told," with precipitation. With us all this is just the reverse, or nearly so. Our fishermen, it is true, never wear red jackets, not however because these would frighten the fishes, but on account of their being dearer at first, and dirtier afterwards, than blue or brown. Red caps and cowls are however abundant. The shadows of the great rocks are just the places where our finest salmon often lie, and in a high banked river like the Shin, there is little to be done in clear weather, except for a few hours after sunrise, while the waters are darkened, or, for the same reason, when the golden light of the evening is still beautiful upon the sides of the mountains, but the river gorges are in gloom. The great shadows of the guardian "Sutors," frighten not the feeblest fin from the sheltered waters of the Firth of Cromarty, nor has the interception of light by any other shore-land mountain the slightest influence on our fishes. It will be noticed, that our author's statements on these and many other matters are either "according to Pontoppidan," a kind and credulous writer of no authority on matters of science, and who should not be quoted in relation thereunto, or are qualified by, "we are told." This should seldom if ever be in a book which, on its title-page, gives assurance of that self-acquired and certain knowledge which results from a residence in Scandinavia of more than twenty years.

Mr. Lloyd was informed by a person of great experience in the fisheries, of the name of Faith, that "if one salmon be taken, it is evident the rest look out anxiously for their missing companion, and should several be captured, the restlessness of the remainder is on the increase. If only a single one remains, he rushes to and fro with anxious rapidity, until he himself becomes a prisoner." Our own fish are fair to look upon, and excellent to eat, but exhibit not a spark of this sentimental and self-sacrificing affection for each other. A tender tale might be constructed during close time, of a fond salmon pining in his lonely pool, and refusing to be comforted so long as he saw his beloved spouse hanging kippered by the side of a cottage door. In regard to the weight of Swedish salmon, Mr. Lloyd informs us "it was said" to be some times taken in the Gotha of from fifty to sixty pounds, and that he could well believe this, "from the monsters, more resembling porpoises than anything else, that I myself have occasionally seen in the pools below Trollhatten." Nilsson assigns seventy pounds, (the Swedish measure is six per cent, less than the English,) as the maximum weight of the northern salmon. Nothing of that sort occurs now-a-days with ourselves,

although a fifty pounder is netted at rare intervals, and we may all have heard, and several of us seen, the famous fish once in the hands of Mr. Groves of Bond Street, which weighed eighty-three pounds.

The natural history of the salmon having, with a view to an extension of its economical uses, (and to counteract what seemed its natural decrease,) been more than usually attended to of late years in Britain, Mr. Lloyd having given us a long chapter on that history, we were anxious to know how far his observations, whether actual or at second hand, confirmed our own beliefs. It appears that an ingenious gentleman of the name of Keiller constructed an observatory, from which he could study and take cognizance of many subaqueous proceedings, and thus resolve doubtful nibbles into confirmed fishes, just as the astronomer converts dim nebulæ into "bright particular stars.' This observatory consist of a kind of cage or small chamber attached to a crane, or otherwise suspended over the river,—the ichthonomer having previously placed himself within it, telescope in hand. In this way Mr. Keiller certainly saw much business doing in deep water, which other people have hitherto failed to notice with the naked eye. His observations were made on the river Save, a very pellucid tributary of the Gotha, and at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from the sea. We shall now report them as accurately as we can, with such comments as may come to hand.

Salmon commence spawning, in the Save, about the beginning of November, and continue throughout that month. The female deposits her eggs in comparatively still and shallow water, that is, from six to eighteen inches in depth, and immediately above a rapid. She prefers rather still water to a current, because otherwise the combined exertion of retaining her position and exuding her ova would be beyond her powers, and she selects a shallow rather than a pool, as more secure from sea-trout and other fish which prey upon the eggs in deeper water, and as better adapted to carry the ova gently to secure resting-places among the stones.

"It is commonly supposed," says Mr. Lloyd, reporting the views of his friend Keiller, "that in conjunction with the male, the female salmon scrapes a hole, or furrow, in the bed of the river, in which to deposit her eggs, and that afterwards, and as a protection from their numerous enemies, they cover them over with gravel; but such is not the fact, at least in the Save. The male has nothing to do with this part of the work: and the ova, instead of being dropped into a cavity, are deposited on a comparatively smooth surface. Whilst in the act of spawning, the female retains her natural position. The abdomen is near to the ground; at times, indeed, probably to rest herself, actually touching it. The process of dropping her eggs appears to be slow. When a few are collected, she turns on her side, waves the flat of her tail gently downwards to the roe, but lifts it up again with great force, by which such a vacuum is caused, as not only to raise the eggs from the ground, and thus distribute them in the stream, but to throw up *a mass of dirt* and stones, the latter not unfrequently of very considerable weight. As the distribution of the ova would require only a slight wave of the tail, it appears that the violent lunge is for the express purpose of distributing and *muddyfying* the water, thereby to conceal the eggs, in a degree at least, from their numerous enemies lying in wait below."—Vol. i. p. 94.

It is then stated that a salmon never spawns on the bare rock, or among very large stones, for the reason "that in such situations she would be unable to raise *the needful turbidity* to conceal her progeny." At the tail of a spawning-ground, the work of a single salmon, or at all events never occupied by more than one at a time, there accumulates, towards the close of the season, an immense mass of gravel, stones, etc., "occasionally, indeed, a good cart-load." But the action of ice and floods soon sweeps it away; and even the great cavity from whence it came, is so filled up, that by the succeeding summer that portion of the river's bed has assumed its ordinary aspect.

"What may be the case in the earlier part of the season," resumes Mr. Keiller, "when the fish are in the pools or in deep water, I could not affirm, but after the female commences spawning, I have never but on one occasion seen the male in actual company with her. His station at that time is at six or seven feet distance, directly in her wake, and just beyond the mass of stones spoken of. And the only apparent part he takes in the process, is by the deposition of the milt, which, of course, becomes mixt with the ova of the female, as the stream drifts them past him." "Again, at a respectful distance behind him, say twelve or fifteen feet, but still in a direct line with the female, a lot of trout, sea-trout, and other fish, are always posted, in readiness to pounce on the eggs, when the female starts them adrift with her tail. On the appearance of the several *clouds of dirt*, it is amusing to see them all scurrying into the thick of it, and following the ova down the stream."—Vol. i. pp. 96, 97.

Having never watched salmon through a telescope, or farkeeker, as it is termed both in our country and Mr. Keiller's, we do not venture to dispute the points in question. We know what an extraordinary thing the moon is, (we say nothing of its influence over the observer,) when looked at in that way, and how many odd things are seen in it, although from the entire absence of water, fishes are said to be extremely scarce. But it does strike us as also a remarkable, although merely a sublunary thing, that all the chief concomitants towards successful spawning in Scotland should be re-

versed in Scandinavia, or nearly so. These concomitants, in our country, are as follows: — 1. Pleasant sparkling water, in a rippling shallow stream; 2. abundance of good gravel, and stones "of sorts," as gardeners say when they indicate variety; 3. the close and continuous presence of the male; 4. the entire absence of mud, or *dirt*, as it seems to be called in Sweden. Now, we have no doubt that the water, as to depth, and nearly as to flow, described above by Mr. Keiller, is all that any reasonable salmon can desire. The stones and gravel in their natural state are, also, as well as can be expected. But what to say to the hollow trough, and the high bank of dislodged materials, (which Professor Forbes, had he ever looked into running water, would have described as a *moraine*,) we confess is perplexing. The mud we cannot see our way through, in the least. Let any considerate reader pause for a moment by the banks of a beautiful stream, and ask himself, why a salmon should take so much trouble about her "procreant cradle," if she never spawns there to any purpose? The female is described by Mr. Lloyd as hanging over the trough, and higher up than the moraine, while the male is six or seven feet below her, that is, somewhat further down than the moraine. In that case, what advantage do the eggs derive from either the excavation, or the bank which results from it? According to the theory and practice of spawning in Scotland, (the gravel being employed by the fish themselves almost simultaneously to fill up the hollow as the eggs are laid therein,) both are not only explicable, but indispensable. Then the river Save at Jonserud is known and admitted to be "invariably clear," which it would scarcely be with a muddy bottom, and the very questionable freak of the female fish, supposing her to have the mud at command, in throwing it upon her eggs, (a process which, in Scotland, produces immediate death and speedy decomposition,) seems, even by Mr. Keiller's own account, to be by no means a saving process, seeing that it acts as an instantaneous signal for every idle starveling within sight to hurry, helter-skelter, into the midst of it and take his fill of the very ova which the cloud-like covering was intended to conceal. However, so long as no one throws dirt upon any of the 500,000 fine healthy rosy-colored ova which we lately looked at in the well-managed artificial rills at Stormont Lade, upon the Tay, we have no desire to interfere, further than by saying that if the Swedish salmon actually practise what Mr. Keiller alleges of them, we think they do exceeding wrong.

The next point taken up by Mr. Lloyd and his telescopic informant, is the peculiar curvature of the snout in the male salmon, towards and during the continuance of the breeding season. The late lamented Mr. Scrope had long ago asked, "What may be the use of this very ugly excrescence?" and no one that we know of till now has ever had the civility to give him an answer. The doctrine of final causes is always as difficult, and sometimes a dangerous one to intermeddle with, and we do not quite know what to make of Mr. Keiller's theory, but we shall give it as we find it, premising that the majority of observers have connected this increased coarseness of snout in the male salmon with some instrumental agency in shovelling about the the gravel during the parental proceedings. But it now appears that, instead of being in any way related to the functions of affection, it is an engine, if not of destruction and death, at least of wrathful rivalry and vengeance. How dreadful that those so-called cold-blooded creatures under water, (when even Turks and Christians—the Crescent and the Cross—are leagued together in self-defence upon the surface of the earth,) should indulge in such unseemly conduct!

"It is the commonly received notion that the hook in the lower jaw of the male salmon is for the purpose of enabling him to assist the female in forming a hole in the bed of the river, for the deposit of her roe. But such Mr. Keiller convinced himself is not the object for which it is designed. In his opinion, it is intended to prevent the males which, in the spawning season, are most pugnacious, from killing each other; for when the jaws of even a twenty-five pound fish are distended to the utmost, the hook is so much in the way that the opening in front of the mouth will admit of little more than the breadth of a finger, and consequently he cannot grasp the body of an antagonist. Indeed, were he enabled to do so, he would soon destroy himself. . . . . In the breeding season the contests between the males are incessant and desperate. Mr. Keiller repeatedly noticed an immense salmon charge another with such thorough good-will as to throw him fairly out of the water. As it is, their battles are bloody enough; not only are fish observed to be gashed in every direction,—probable by their side teeth, for those in front, or on the tongue, cannot be brought properly into play owing to the hook,—but with large pieces of flesh and skin actually hanging down their sides. At the close of the season all the males are covered with scars. Unless one has seen the fish at this time it is difficult to conceive his mutilated condition; and it appears certain, that were it not for the hook not more than a single male salmon would leave a spawning ground alive. But it is the males alone who, at the termination of the spawning season, are thus seared with scars, another evidence, were such wanting, that the injuries have arisen from combats between themselves; for were the wounds inflicted by otters, as many imagine, the females would be equal sufferers with the males, which is not the case."—Vol. i. p. 100.

Now, according to this Scandinavian theory—to say nothing of the injuries which salmon inflict upon each other with their teeth, were it not for the cartilaginous elongation on the upper jaw, which forms a kind of pad in front of the brain, the concussion on the occasion of these desperate charges, would be so great as to stun the assailant. But when the fish makes his onset, the jaws are usually closed, and the hook on the lower jaw is embedded in the upper, thus affording the latter support, and still further lessening, as regards himself, the effects of the concussion.

"Nature," says Mr. Keiller in conclusion, "only works by fixed laws. To have given the male salmon a share of human intellect was not in accordance with her plans. She resorted to simple means, and instilled envy and jealousy instead of reflective and reasoning power, which, at all events, would not have given the stimulus to exertion that the minor attribute confers. In order, however, to moderate the effects of these furious passions, this proboscis was bestowed, which thus prevents the male from inflicting mortal injury either on his rival or on himself.—P. 104.

We remember standing one fine summer evening by the side of a pond, in the garden of a well-known Edinburgh Naturalist, the late Dr. Neill, of Canonmills, where we observed a cormorant diving repeatedly, but unsuccessfully, for food. We doubted not the creature's general skill as an aquatic artist, but at this particular time it was debarred its productive exercise by the untoward event of having struck its bill through a large cork, which had previously served as the bung of a water-barrel, and which, in its new position, prevented the opening of the creature's jaws. This was so far providential, as securing the safety of several small fishes; but, we confess, that while sympathizing with the fry, we somewhat commiserated the cormorant, compelled by appetite, yet constrained by accident, at once to and from the successful exercise of its natural instincts. But the natural device by which, in the case of salmon, nature seeks to mitigate her own ferocity, is worth a thousand corks, because this "buffer" grows and disappears when needed, or no longer necessary, —one of the innumerable instances which might be adduced of how far the powers of nature transcend those of art, both in certainty and simplicity. It seems, indeed, clear, that so far as salmon are concerned, were it not for this foil, or button, on their boar-like snouts, they would be almost as bad as the Kilkenny cats, two of which, on the conclusion of a quarrel, left no other remnant of the fight, than a solitary tail. Bearing in mind the unfortunately fatal case of duel between a former Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mahoun, in which both parties perished, we would scarcely join our Scandinavian friends in their assurance, that even a single salmon, but for this provision, would necessarily leave the spawning ground alive.

However this may be, we have great pleasure in more gravely reporting the valuable testimony by which Mr. Lloyd and his friend corroborate Mr. Shaw's views regarding the development and growth of salmon fry. The hatching period, in the Save, is April, and the young remain in the river not only during the immediate summer and following winter, by which time they have attained a length of two or three inches, but they pass *the second summer*, also, in the river, growing to twice their former size, that is, being six inches long.

We have some valuable notices of several other fishes in Mr. Lloyd's new work. Both the salmon-trout (*S. trutta*,) and the bull-trout, (*S. eriox*,) occur in the Gotha, below the falls, but are debarred by them from ascending higher, and being sea-going species, would probably not abide in the upper pools, or in Lake Wenern, if transplanted there. Several kinds of magnificent lake trout are, however, known as permanent inhabitants of these higher waters. Our author has frequently captured male fish weighing upwards of thirty pounds. The species called *Wenerns-lax*, which Mr. Lloyd formerly mistook for the true salmon,) seems, in many respects, to resemble our *Salmo ferox*, but the slight descriptions given are not such as enable us either to maintain or deny that the two are identical. A much more enviable species is the *Silver lax*, (its very name is lustrous,) an example of which, weighing twelve pounds, is well figured in a wood-cut. It is an elegant salmon-shaped fish, with a small and finely tapered head, and forked tail, and the terminal part of the body more slender than in the larger and the coarser kind. It looks like a Loch Craggie trout, but being six times larger, must be a prize for a prince. While meditating on these and other fine species, Mr. Lloyd, as a native of an insular land, is still haunted by the sounding of the sea:—

"Pleased he remembers his august abode,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

"Very considerable resemblance existing between this huge trout, (the *Wenerns-lax*,)—for though called *lax* or salmon, he is no other, as we have said, than a trout,—and the *S. eriox*, or gray trout of authors, it becomes a subject for the consideration of ichthyologists, whether it may not be identical with the migratory species last named, though slightly altered by long permanent residence in the fresh water to which it is thus restricted. The probability of the two being identical, is increased by the fact that the smelt, which in England is considered of marine origin, is, as will presently be shown, very numerous in

the Wenern and other Scandinavian Lakes to which access cannot be obtained from the sea. In all its characters the Wenerns-lax answers to the *S. lacustris* of authors, (*S. ferox*, Jardine;) but if the question as to its identity with the *S. eriox* be decided in the affirmative, the *S. lacustris* has probably no existence as a species; and rather than class the Wenerns-lax by that name, I prefer retaining it under that by which it is known with us."—Vol. i. p. 114. Again, "May not the Silver-lax, which differs as much as night from day, [we should have said as day from night,] from any other fresh-water trout I have ever seen, be identical with *S. Trutta* of Linnæus, which it much resembles, though somewhat altered by long permanent residence in fresh water, to which it is confined?"—P. 116.

Who confines it? Are not the rivers of Scandinavia, equally with those of Syria and Damascus, tributaries to the insatiate sea, and do they not ceaselessly urge their way by day-light and the depth of darkness, alike through the silent shade of piny forests and the deafening turmoil of the "hell of waters?" The fair creatures referred to, remain in those upland waters, because they are fresh-water species, altogether careless of the injurious sea; and it is a begging of the question to say, that in consequence of being "confined" there, they have lost their original instinct of marine migration, and have, in consequence, become changed. It is, however, a curious coincidence, that two fresh-water fish should exist in these inland lakes, clearly representing as it were, though not identical with, the species found lower down the country, and which rejoice alternately in salt and sweet water. It is a good piece of compensation, for which the "lakers" should be thankful.

The char is widely spread, and of frequent occurrence, in Scandinavia, as we now know it to be in Scotland. The species, however, are but ill defined. Professor Nilsson maintains that there are six different kinds of char in the north of Europe.* Læstadius says that one of these, — *Salmo alpinus*, — corresponding, as our naturalists suppose, with our British kind, has been captured of the weight of fifteen pounds. In this country a char of even a single pound is a giant of his race. The pike, called Gadda in Sweden, (*Esox lucius, Linn.*) is well known in the north, and is characterized there, as elsewhere, by its great and indiscriminate voracity. It sometimes attains to a vast size. A fisherman at Frugård assured Mr. Lloyd that, in the season of 1848, he had a pike upon his night-line which was certainly four feet in length, and could not have weighed less than eighty pounds. Five several times he had him up the gunwale of the punt; but at last, the line getting entangled, the hold of the hook gave way, and the monster escaped.

* Prodromus Ichthyologiæ Scandinavicæ.

N. B. We call the fish "a monster;" but let us consider for a moment what *its* feelings must be when suddenly dragged up into the garish light of day from its own silent and secluded depths, away from its wife and family, (many of whom it had not yet eaten,) and kept in a state of painful suspense, hanging by the mouth along side an ugly punt, lashing the water with indignant tail, and finally escaping to its quiet home with sorely lacerated jaws, and the loss of several of its best teeth! Even if gifted with the power of speech, its torn tongue could scarcely express its deep disgust at the unprincipled aggression of that "monster man," a two-legged creature covered with cloth, usually living on shore, but endowed with the power of floating artificially on the surface of the water, and there practising all kinds of cruelty and cunning!

Osprays and other great birds of prey frequently fall a sacrifice to their rashness in striking their talons into the backs of these fresh-water sharks, while they are basking near the surface. M. Eckström found the skeleton of an ospray (*Falco haliætus*) on the back of a pike, the fish having drawn the fowl under water, and suffocated it thereby. The Rev. M. Moller informed Mr. Lloyd that he had on one occasion captured a moderately large pike, with the skeleton of a kite or hawk of some kind attached to it. Doctor Willmann states that a pike taken in the Wenern had, for a number of years, been seen to raise a ghastly skeleton above the surface, and that the fishermen believing it to be the harbinger of some dire misfortune, always made for the shore as quickly as they could. Another party were one day fishing with a line of great length (the *Lang-ref*) in a large lake in Wermeland. When they had proceeded some distance from the shore, the boatman suddenly pulled the punt right about, and rowed back with all his might, exclaiming that the "water-sprite (*Sjö troll*) is here again." He pointed with his finger, and every one on board distinctly saw something like the horns of an elk or rein-deer, progressing rapidly along the surface. "Row towards it," exclaimed Lekander, "the —— take me if I don't give the Sjö-troll a shot." With great difficulty the fisherman was persuaded to change his course, and pursue the apparition. When they had neared it, the bold Lekander fired his rifle, and fortunately with deadly effect. On taking possession of the prize, it was found to be a huge pike with the skeleton of an eagle on its back. It is a pity that in Scotland, where we have all the elements required,— powerful pikes, eagles in abundance, and, better than the best Lekander, Captain Horatio Ross, — we never meet with these things.

But as the most marvellous of all pikes is left unrecorded by Mr. Lloyd, we shall here

briefly notice it:—Conrad Gesner relates, that in the year 1497 a fish of this kind was taken at Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brass ring attached to it, on which was engraved in Greek the following sentence: "I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederic the Second, the 5th of October 1230." This fine veteran was nineteen feet long, weighed 350 pounds, and, according to Cocker, must have been 267 years of age. This is really very well, both as regards time and space,—two great abstractions. We hope that truth was not abstracted likewise. We need scarcely observe that Frederick the Second was not only a very princely person in his way, but, like our own Prince Albert, was highly interested in art and science, and largely patronized literature. He imported many manuscripts from the East, was accessary to translations from Aristotle, Ptolemy, and Galen, while his own work on Falconry, "De arte venandi cum avibus," has found an editor and commentator in the great Grecian, J. G. Schneider. His love of natural observation may likely have induced him to put a pike into his pond with a ring round its neck, but he could, though a mighty potentate, in no way guarantee the truth of its being taken out, either dead or alive, nearly 300 years afterwards. Some even assert that the fish was marked by his father, Frederick the First, (Barbarossa,) and that the family pond was not near Hailbrun, but at Kaiserslautern. This history is so variously related by different authors, that we believe the whole to have been a myth, and may conclude by observing, that the skeleton of this imperial pike, having been mentioned in more modern times as identical with that preserved in the cathedral at Mannheim, M. Valenciennes lately made inquiry regarding the latter, and was informed by a celebrated German anatomist that it had far too many joints in its back-bone for a single fish, and was evidently made up of two (*Hist. Nat. des Poissons*, vol. xviii, p. 312.)*

So much of our allotted space has been occupied by the preceding disquisition on salmon and pike, that we must pass over the other species enumerated by Mr. Lloyd. So many people, however, now-a-days go to Norway for the sake of angling, and as Professor Forbes not only did not dwell upon, but referred almost slightingly to that noble art, we shall follow our author through some local details regarding a subject on which he is more at home than in natural science. Although trout might be killed all the year round in the upper parts of the Gotha, by far the larger portion made their way into Lake Wenern early in summer, and did not descend riverwards again till autumn. It was also remarkable, that although great numbers of small as well as heavy trout were taken during spring and autumn, few were met with of an intermediate size. They then weighed either from one to three pounds, or from ten to thirty. What a country to dwell in, where trout of the former size are classed among the "small!" On one occasion our author, in the course of four consecutive days, killed twenty trout, which weighed together, 452 pounds—giving an average of above 22 pounds each!

Although Salmon abound in almost all the rivers of Scandinavia, it would scarcely be prudent for any one to go there now, as formerly, in search of sport, without making definite arrangements beforehand. An active pedestrian, ranging over hill and valley, and seeking general amusement, may, especially in the more distant and retired uplands, meet with good success in a casual way, and without challenge; but it is otherwise with the principal stations on the lower and more accessible portions of the rivers, where "Yacht-men congregate."

"Sometimes," writes Sir Hyde Parker to our author, "I have had so much sport with salmon as to occasion indifference whether I fished any

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* Let us here note that M. Valenciennes, in his excellent and generally accurate work above named, rather misstates the average weight of certain English pike, in consequence of an erroneous interpretation of Mr. Yarrell's observations. "Les grandes pièces d'eau du comté de Norfolk, à quelques milles au nord de Yarmouth, Horsea Mere et Heigham Sounds, sont célébrés par le grand nombre de brochets d'excellente qualité et de taille assez forte. M. Yarrell a relevé plusieurs pêches faites dans ces grands lacs, d'où il résulte qu'en quatre jours on a pu prendre deux cent cinquante-six brochets, pesant ensemble onze cent trente-cinq livres, et qui donnaient, dans les différens jours, une moyenne de *Vingt-huit à trente-quatre livres par brochet*."—*Hist. Nat. des Poissons.* tom. xviii, p. 304. Now, although we bore in mind old Cambden's rhyming dictum of—"Horsey pike, none like,"—we still thought that an average, for these different days, of from 28 to 34 pounds per pike, was something beyond common. On turning to Mr. Yarrel, we find as follows:—"Together, four days' sport, producing 256 pike, weighing altogether 1135 pounds. Pike *have been killed* in Horsea Mere, weighing from 28 to 34 pounds each."—*British Fishes*, vol. i, p. 387. It will be seen that the concluding sentence has nothing whatever to do with the preceding details. The actual average is *under four pounds and a half.* It would have been precisely so, had the total weight amounted to 1152 pounds.

The foregoing is a good example of the way in which enduring error arises from casual misapprehension. M. Valenciennes' work is now the standard one in Europe on all ichthyological matters; and there is scarcely a naturalist, not an angler, on the Continent, who will perceive, while perusing the above passage, that he has in hand a piece of unmitigated nonsense.

more for a week. This I do not hold to be good. To enjoy sport thoroughly a man should *earn* it as you do your bears. But at the present day it is not altogether an easy matter to command a first-rate stream. In Norway every man is now a fisherman, and many of the waters are hired, so that it is difficult to get a cast to yourself; and I consider the game nearly up, at least for an old one like myself, and not worth going the distance."—P. 228.

"The largest salmon," he adds afterwards, "I have caught was in the Namsen. He weighed sixty pounds, being exactly four feet long, and was the largest fish of any kind I ever caught, indeed, I have never seen one caught of greater weight. I caught nine others that day,—one of forty, one thirty, one eighteen, one fifteen, the rest from eight pounds, downwards."—P. 241.

"We remained on the Namsen about a fortnight," says Mr. Dann, "and killed ninety-five salmon; but the weather was so bad that several days we were unable to fish. The largest of which I was the fortunate captor, weighed forty-five pounds. He broke the third joint of my rod at the first dash, and I was an hour and three quarters in killing him with the remaining joints. Cholmeley caught the second best, weighing thirty-five pounds. Between that weight and twenty-five pounds we killed thirty fish. It is really the best river I have ever seen; such monster salmon are found in no other."—P. 241.

Another correspondent of Mr. Lloyd's informs him, that, in the summer of 1842, being on the Namsen, from 15th June to 8th August, he killed 323 fish, weighing 3840 pounds. "I lost one monster, such as I shall probably never see again." It is always so. A salmon in the river generally appears larger than one in the boat or basket. Of course a strong, heavy fish, so far as the actual breaking of hook or line is concerned, has the best chance of escape, but the mere fact of its escaping, seems to magnify its dimensions by acting on the imagination of the angler.

"A moment white, then gone for ever."

In the summer of 1843, Sir Charles Blois killed 368 salmon in the Namsen. They weighed 5252 pounds. But as we have fully discussed this famous river on a former occasion, (see N. B. R., vol. ix. pp. 92, 114,) we shall here only remark, that as there are very few casts from the shore upon the Namsen, the work is done from a boat, and rather by a kind of trolling or dragging than by far and frequent casting. This, many people think, is rather dull work, compared with that of our own lively Highland rivers, where alternate stream and pool can be well commanded from terra firma.

We may say a word or two regarding certain other Scandinavian waters. It is singular, and so far as we can see, an unaccountable thing, that those which flow into the Gulf of Bothnia, although many are full of fish, yield scarcely any angling sport. In journeying from Stockholm to Tornea, a distance of from six to seven hundred miles, above a hundred rivers may be met with, several of these, such as the Umea, Pitea, Calix, Ljusna, and others, of great size. Yet the salmon in the majority of them won't so much as look at either fly or worm. This account testified to by many witnesses, has been recently confirmed to us by Mr. John Campbell, (formerly of Islay), an active and accomplished angler, of great experience in the far north. Mr. Lloyd alludes to this strange disrelish of the sportsman's lure on the part of the salmon of the eastern side of the Scandinavian peninsula, and adds that "the only attempted solution of the mystery that I ever heard is, that the fish in the rivers in question may not be the genuine *Salmo salar*, but a huge trout, greatly resembling it in appearance." There is assuredly no solution here, but rather an increase of the difficulty, by having to shift it, in so far as we can even less easily explain why "huge trout," if only such they be, become so shy and wary, and averse to food, when submerged beneath these Bothnian waters. Nobody knows better than Mr. Lloyd that such is not their nature in Southern Sweden, as he has himself well recorded. The Bothnian salmon are of inferior flavor to those of the western coast. They are, however, of large size, those netted in the Ljusna, for example, being frequently thirty pounds, while a forty pounder is by no means rare.

But the rivers on, to us, the nearer side of the Scandinavian peninsula, are far the finest for the "contemplative angler's recreation." We shall begin with the more southern streams, and proceed northwards. The Ronne, near Engelholm, is of considerable size, and flows into an open sea-bay called Skelder-Wick (we like to observe the Norse origin of the name of our own great fishing-mart in Caithness). There is not much to be done in it with the fly. The Laga flows past the town of Laholm, and abounds with salmon. There are neither weirs nor natural obstructions for several miles upwards,—only here and there some splendid rapids. Mr. Lloyd lauds it, although he himself returned empty handed. However, he saw some noble salmon captured by the peasants, and envied, as we have often done our own bold borderers on the Tweed, their fine and powerful handling of the rod.

"So beautiful a line as some of these men throw I had never before witnessed in my life. It was asserted there were individuals who could cast the fly one hundred feet! The distance was at all events very great, and nearly as far again as a Crooked Lane rod enabled me or my man, who was a very fair fisherman, to cast mine. I must say, I never felt so small in my life as when exhibiting in the presence of these boors. The rod

used by them, which was of extraordinary length, say from twenty to twenty-four feet, and consisted of an aspen pole, topped with a sprig of juniper, or other pliant wood, beat mine hollow in another respect; for, being solid, it served the purpose of a staff when wading, as was the practice, owing to the river in places being abroad."—Vol. i. p. 232.

Next comes the Nissa, flowing past the town of Halmstad. But as it spanned by salmon weirs near the sea, fish cannot attain to the pools and rapids above, and so little can be done with the rod. The Atra at Falkenberg has a great name, and we believe deserves it, as the fish are numerous, and rather fond of artificial flies. When we saw it, its waters were in flood, and roaring rapidly. It is an early river for the north, and fish may be sometimes met in it in April. The Viska is greatly injured by having weirs beneath all its rapids. However, they are often swept away by floods, or wilfully destroyed, and then the angler's heart rejoices. We come next to the Save, before named, a smallish stream which flows into the Gotha, near Gottenburgh; seawards of the latter is Wingo Sound, where the astonished Scandinavians had recently a glimpse of "Fighting Charlie," with such an assemblage of those whose "home is on the deep," as to make them thank their stars they were not Russians. It has been recently destroyed by a weir, which crosses it below the rapids. There is a good-looking river near Qvistrum, a few miles to the north of Uddevalla. It has ten or a dozen fine stretches, alternate pools and rapids in the course of the first three or four miles upwards from the sea, but the fish are netted to death, and the angler's occupation 's gone.

The first salmon stream we come to after crossing the Norwegian frontier is the Glammen, a noble river, which empties its far-flowing waters into the beautiful Christiania-fiord, close to Frederikstad. It is greatly injured at times by vast quantities of floating timber. Crossing the firth, we come to a river which rejoices in the intemperate name of Drams. Although salmon are plentiful, there is not much angling sport. There is a productive commercial fishing at the hamlet of Hogsund, twelve or fifteen miles up its course, and where a precipitous fall impedes the farther progress of all dwellers in the deep. Then comes the Laugen, at Laurvig, said to be first rate for the rod. It draws its waters from the different snowy heights of the Hardanger-Field, and has this advantage as an angling river over the majority of those in Scandinavia, that its course is nowhere crossed by those rocky barriers, called *Fosses* in the Norsk tongue, and which occasion cataracts of such force and fury that a fish may look at them in wonder, but need never hope either to feed or play among the gravel beds above. About four Norwegian miles up this river Sir Hyde Parker and Colonel Eyres killed *one hundred and eleven* salmon in three days. Several were thirty-five pounds in weight, and one was a forty pounder. They were, however, considerably discolored, from having been rather too long in the fresh water. The town of Arendal is situated on a salmon river called the Nid, and two others of good repute, called Torresdal and Topdal, fall into the sea near Christiansand. The Mandal is met with about thirty miles west of the latter town. Opinions differ regarding the angling capabilities of this the southern part of Norway.

We now turn round the Naze, and then trend northwards. From Mandal to Stavanger, Mr. Francis Cholmeley records, "the whole country is full of fine streams, abounding with trout, and a good many of them with salmon." Of the angling on the western coast of Norway, from the 59th to the 63d degree, our information is by no means ample. It is the great district of the fiords, with their adamantine sides, and rocky ranges of protecting islands, but our belief is that the rivers, properly so called, are too rapid and precipitous, and it may be, draw their preponderating sources too directly from the great ice-fields and upland plains of snow, to suit salmon, or at least their capture with the rod. But after getting beyond "the Alpine mountains cold" of Snee-hatten and the Dovre-field, and entering on the Trondhiem district, the winter of our discontent is turned to glorious summer by multitudinous fishes of such size and silvery lustre as cannot be surpassed. The first river we need to name is the Gula, which falls into the Trondhiem-fiord. In former days it was open as charity, but has recently become a rented river, and is now, we understand, taken for a term of years. Further onwards is the Nid, a noted stream. Mr. Overston, the owner of the fishery, once took eleven good salmon out of it in three hours, and on another occasion, he and the Hon. Richard Hutchinson killed a score from the same boat, a couple of them weighing about thirty-eight pounds a piece. Two days' journey north of Trondhiem, we come upon the Steenkjær, where great sport may be sometimes obtained, although inconvenience is felt from the quantity of timber, both submerged and floating. Mr. Buckle is reported to have taken eighty salmon in a month, averaging fourteen pounds, and Messrs. Rogers and Hunt killed no less than two hundred and six fish in twenty-six days. It was formerly an open river, but is now engaged. About a hundred miles further north is the Namsen, of which we need now say nothing more. Between it and the Alten are innumerable streams, the great majority of which abound in salmon.

The chief disadvantage under which the angler now labors is, that he has got so far north, and is so near "the mountains of bright snow," that the summer is almost gone before the season opens.

In Finmark, the extreme north of Norway, the best rivers are the Alten and Tana. Sir Hyde Parker was one of the first who visited the former for the express purpose of angling, and had "great sport" about twenty years ago. More recently, Mr. Edward Brettle has had enviable success. In fifteen days or parts of days, between the 4th of July and 12th of August, he killed 194 salmon, weighing 2752 pounds. Many were twenty pounds and upwards; five were above thirty pounds; and one was forty pounds. In one of those days he captured thirty-three fish, weighing about 518 pounds. The Tana is a larger river, sixty or eighty miles eastward of the Alten. It affords the most northern salmon fishing in Europe, and is said to offer a fine field for the angler, but as the off-side of it towards the mouth is Russian territory, it may be well that the British sportsman, while sorting his flies, also pays some regard to the state of the Turkish question, especially if he has no letter of introduction to the Czar from Sir Roderick Murchison. Beyond the Tana, that is further eastward, another fine river called Patsjoki, runs from the great Lake Enari, in Russian Lapland, and still further onwards is the river Peise, both discharging themselves into the icy sea. They are said to abound in salmon, and being quite out of the beaten route, "are well deserving the notice of the adventurous sportsman." We believe that nothing is known of the angling attributes of the other Russian rivers along that arctic shore. That they are full of fish cannot be doubted, but what kind of accommodation may be now afforded to any "adventurous sportsmen" from Great Britain and Ireland, (Patsjoki would surely please Hibernians,) is a matter for the deliberate consideration of the latter, before they take the rod in hand.

What a dreadful creature is the bear! We mean nothing personal, never having been at St. Petersburg, but allude merely to the great, shaggy, broad-footed, strong-tusked, hugging animal, hunted by Mr. Lloyd. There seems to be only a single species of bear (*Ursus arctos*) in Scandinavia, and we daresay it is quite sufficient. In consequence of the increase of cultivation, he is now confined very much to the northern portions of the peninsula, that is, from about latitude 58 deg. to the North Cape. But to those districts in which he is wanting in quantity, he makes amends in quality, the bear of Lapland being inferior in size and prowess to those of Wermeland and the Dalecarlian forests. He sometimes weighs 800 pounds. Mr. Lloyd is very diffuse on the subject of bears, and in addition to his own actual observation and adventure, he quotes from all and sundry. We shall confine ourselves to the narration of a single expedition, which was attended by a tragical result. A faithful follower of the name of Svensson had ascertained the whereabouts of a bear, in a wild forest track between the rivers Dal and Clara, where the woods extend for about ten miles almost without a break. The party started long before dawn on a winter morning. The snow was deep and loose, and the track bad, but about ten o'clock they reached a wooded knoll, where bruin was presumed to be ensconced. The atmosphere was thick and hazy, and the sleet falling fast. Svensson was left on the look out, and cautioned not to leave his post, while the others moved onwards and around, threading their sinuous way through tangled breaks, and peering under mighty boulders.

"While cautiously looking around us, our expectations of seeing the bear constantly on the stretch, and my gun at the time being on the full cock, I suddenly caught an indistinct glimpse of a large dark object amongst the trees on the rising ground above us. It was at a distance, as it seemed to me through the sleet and mist, of a good gun-shot, and though stationary so to say, it moved. Not doubting that it was the bear, I in almost the twinkling of an eye, raised and discharged my gun, when the object at which I aimed at once sunk to the ground. Though Elg and the soldier were standing immediately behind me, neither of them saw it. But this was not to be wondered at, as, owing to the denseness of the cover, it was only from time to time that even a transient view could be obtained of any thing in the distance.

"Almost at the instant of firing, and at the very spot to which my aim was directed, the dog became visible, and began to bark loudly; on seeing which I cried out in great alarm:—"Elg! is it possible? can I have shot my dog?" But observing by the way in which the animal pulled at his tether, that he was uninjured, and recollecting that he was with Svensson, the truth flashed at once across my mind, and I exclaimed, "It is Svensson and not the dog that is killed!" And such was the dreadful fact! On proceeding to the spot, there lay the poor fellow stretched at his length, and stone dead! It was a piteous sight to look on; a grey headed old man,—he was then in his sixty-fifth year,—thus weltering in his own blood; and to me a doubly heart-rending spectacle, as it was my own hand that had sped the fatal bullet. We were all horror-stricken. For my own part, what with reflecting on myself for having been the cause of the calamity, and grief for the loss of an old and tried comrade, my feelings are not to be conveyed by words."—P. 338.

It can scarcely be expected that our adventurous hunter should himself escape uninjured from all the fearful frays on which he entered.

On one occasion he observes a bear lying near the summit of a little knoll, at the outer edge of a thick brake. What picturesque elements! —the rocky height, the tangled wood, and old bruin at the mouth of his den, sunning a weather-stained garment, shaggy and rough enough to please Sir Uvedale Price! When eight or ten paces off, and just as the trigger was being pulled, the bear bolted from his lair, and made straight at his assailant. The latter had just time to fire his second barrel, and with effect so far as inflicting a severe wound without staying progress was concerned, but the brute almost at the same instant laid him prostrate. His only resource now was to bury his face in the snow to prevent mutilation of the most obvious portion of the outer man, and then lie motionless,—the notion being that if a bear believes his victim dead, he inflicts no further damage. But in this case, although Mr. Lloyd played the defunct extremely well, he was sadly mauled, especially about the head.

"My body also suffered greatly from his furious attacks, which extended from the neck and shoulder downwards to the hip. But he did not attempt in any manner to hug or embrace me, as we in England seem to imagine his custom to be when carrying on offensive operations; nor did he seemingly molest me in any way with his claws. All my wounds were, to the best of my belief, inflicted with his fangs. . . . . Neither at the time of receiving my first fire, nor whilst making his rush, did the bear, as is usually the case when enraged, utter his usual half roar half growl. Even when I was lying at his mercy, no other than a sort of subdued growl, similar to that of a dog when disturbed whilst gnawing a bone, was made by the beast; and so far from coming at me with open jaws, as one would suppose to be the case with a wild beast when making his onset, his mouth at the time was altogether closed. The pain I suffered from his long-continued attacks was bearable. When he had my limbs in his jaws, it more resembled their being stuck in a huge vice than any thing else; but when his jaws grasped, as they did, the whole crown of my head,—during which I distinctly felt the fleshy part of his mouth to overlap my forehead,—and his fangs very deliberately scored my head, my sufferings were intense. The sensation of his fangs slowly grating over the bare skull, was not at all that of a sharp blow, as is often the case when a wound is inflicted, but rather, though very much more protracted, the craunch one feels during the extraction of a tooth. From certain circumstances I have reason to believe the bear continued to maltreat me for nearly three minutes. As I perfectly retained my senses the whole time, my feelings, whilst in this horrible situation, are beyond the power of description. But at length the incessant attacks of my gallant little dog drew the beast's attention from me, and I had the satisfaction to see him retreat, though at a very slow pace, into the adjoining thicket, when he was at once lost to view. Immediately after he left me I arose, and applied snow by the handful to my head to stanch the blood which was flowing from it in streams. I lost a very large quantity, and the bear not a little, so that the snow all around the scene of conflict was literally deluged with gore."—Pp. 422, 423.

This is good, and to the purpose in hand. Far better, surely, than the mawkish and unnecessary extracts from Pontoppidan, a most excellent man in his way, and whose works when we were ourselves young and innocent, which is a long time ago, we were quite willing to swallow craken, sea-serpent, and all. But had we spent, as Mr. Lloyd has done, twenty of the best years of our life in Sweden and Norway, we should not have thought of making up our book by much quoting from the good old Bishop of Bergen.

Then comes a chapter on cholera, which we shall leave to the consideration of the Board of Health. The first volume ends with an account of wolves, and their various modes of capture, all rather tiresome in the telling.

Mr. Lloyd's second volume contains the sporting history of the fox, lynx, and glutton, among beasts of prey, of the lemming and hare among the rodent tribes, (the beaver, which is their glory, being not so much as even named,) and of the elk and rein-deer, as representing the antlered ruminants. But between the two latter we find interpolated a long and inappropriate history of Gustavus Vasa, a well-known and rather pugnacious person on the whole, but who was by no means so wild a creature as to deserve such a position, and whose sayings and doings have no possible connection with the subject matter of the present volumes. It is, in truth, this unnecessary amplification of irrelevant topics which forms their great defect, by increasing their size and price, and adding nothing to what any reasonable reader, on taking them up, expects and desires to know. The concluding fifteen chapters are devoted to ornithology.

The account of the lynx, as of the other animals, is greatly made up of extracts from the good Bishop, and some more recent writers. It would seem to be a sanguinary as well as a carnivorous creature; that is, it often slays far more than its necessities require. M. Skoldberg mentions that a female and her two cubs killed in a single day no less than twenty-three sheep, of some of which the necks were partially eaten, but all the bodies were untouched. Although the cat tribe, to which the lynx is so nearly allied, are usually regarded as the worst of carrion, this animal forms an exception, its flesh being palatable, and in appearance resembling veal. The glutton (*Gulo borealis*) is now found only in the northern parts of Scandinavia. He subsists almost wholly on what is fresh, and so

usually kills his own meat, which ranges from the young of the gigantic elk, to rats and lemmings. However, his favorite food is the hare, of which he is almost constantly in pursuit. He also angles a good deal in summer, being very fond of fish. Læstadius tells us that on one occasion he saw four full-grown gluttons on a stone in the midst of a rapid, occupied in catching grayling. It is often shot during winter in the Gulf of Bothnia, on the ice, at a great distance from any land, having probably roamed away from terra firma in pursuit of seals. The Lapps use the glutton's flesh as food.

The chapter on the fox offers nothing new. In his former work Mr. Lloyd had given the black fox as a native of Scandinavia, and he now modifies that opinion in favor of Professor Nilsson's view, which is, "that the black fox, as a species, does not exist in the peninsula." *As a species* it does not exist anywhere. Several kinds of fox are subject to that darkened condition called *melanism*, in the completed state of which the fur is black and glossy, and of very high value. De Capell Brooke informs us that a few are taken in the Lafodden islands, but these are merely varieties of the common fox of Europe,—*Canis vulpes*. In the northern parts of America, again, we meet, though rarely, with what Godman and other western writers call the black or silver fox, which La Hontan told us long ago was worth its weight in gold. Pennant has remarked that "the more desirable the fur is, the more cunning and difficult to be taken is the fox that owns it," and Hutchins adds, that "the blacker the fur the lesser the fox." Sir John Richardson does not confirm either of the last two statements. This American variety belongs to *Canis fulvus*. The observation we have made regarding black foxes, applies equally to the crucigerous variety called the *cross-fox*. Among the various species known to naturalists, we find in each individuals more or less marked in a cruciform fashion by a bar of black upon the neck or shoulders, but there is no such *species* as the cross-fox. In Scandinavia this variety is very strongly manifested, the black line running all along the back, while the cross bar stretches over the shoulders and down the fore-legs. But it nevertheless belongs to the common species. The fur of the American cross-fox is of great value. A good many years ago it was worth four or five guineas a skin, while that of the red fox, (*Canis fulvus*,) of which it is a variety, did not bring more than fifteen shillings. The difference of value, according to Sir John Richardson, depends chiefly on that of color, as some of the ordinary red foxes are found to have the fur equally long and fine.

On the history of the lemming, (*Lemmus Norvegicus*,) and its multitudinous migrations, we need not here dilate, as they are given with more or less exaggeration, in almost all works on natural history. That this creature should form a favorite food on the part of a herbivorous animal like the rein-deer, is a curious but a distinctly established fact.

We should have liked some precise and specific information regarding the hares of Scandinavia, but this we fail to find. There seem to be two sorts there,—we cannot well say whether species or varieties. The Lepus borealis is white, and inhabits the higher and more northern mountain ranges,—while the Lepus canescens is only hoary, and dwells in the southern districts. Our British hare is unknown.*

The Elk (*Cervus alces*) is the largest and most remarkable of the antlered animals of Northern Europe. It was formerly abundant in all the wooded districts of Scandinavia, but, in consequence of constant persecution, it has become greatly more restricted, both in distribution and amount, and has long ceased to be in use as a domesticated species. Legislative enactments, however, having been of late years passed in its favor, its numbers are again on the increase. This creature delights in the deepest recesses of the forests. During the summer season his favorite resorts are low and marshy grounds, with plenty of water, and abundance of deciduous trees. But in winter he seeks the higher grounds and thicker covers of the pine tree boughs. He is a first-rate swimmer, and ploughs the water with such force, that you "deem the deep to be hoary." In regard to the geographical distribution of the elk, Elkstrom states its Scandinavian boundaries as between 58 and 64 deg. of north latitude, although no doubt exceptional cases occur on either side. Its American representative (we really know not any difference between the moose-deer of the western world and the species now in hand) is found as far north as the mouth of the Mackenzie, in lat. 69. In the opposite direction it was formerly found as far south as the Ohio. Denys, as quoted by Pennant, says the elk was once plentiful in the island of Cape Breton, although they had become extirpated by the time he wrote. In our own days, according to

* In Britain it is well known that we have two kinds of hares,—the common sort, *L. timidus*, widely diffused over the island, and the alpine hare, *L. variabilis*, confined to the more mountainous districts of Scotland. In summer it is of a blueish gray color, tinged with tawny, and becomes white in winter. As there are no white hares in Ireland, and those found there are distinct from our common kind, they were long supposed to constitute a *third* species. But this is not the case. The Irish hare is identical with the alpine hare of the Grampians, but its coat in winter undergoes no change, in consequence, we presume, of the greater mildness of the Sister Isle. We owe this observation to the late Mr. Thompson, of Belfast.

Dr. Godman, they are not known in the State of Maine, but are still seen in considerable numbers near the bay of Fundy."

We shall conclude with a brief notice of the rein-deer, Cervus tarandus, which, like the last, is believed to be identical in Europe and America, although it continues an undomesticated species in the western world. Like the elk also, it has become greatly restricted in modern times, as it is seldom found south of 59 or 60 deg. in Norway, while in Sweden its boundary is about 61 or 62 deg. In a northerly direction, it ranges uncontrolled by actual cold or fear of famine, as far as Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Melville Island. It does not occur in Iceland. Professor Nilsson indulges in some curious notions regarding the geographical distribution of the rein-deer. He supposes that these which inhabit the province of Scania came from the southward immediately after the boulder formation, while that portion of Sweden was still united to Germany, and the North Sea had not thrown its waters into what we now call the Baltic: while, on the other hand, those which at present inhabit the more northern parts of Scandinavia came into them at a much later period by the way of Finnish Lapland, and subsequently to the land which stretches between the Gulf of Bothnia and the White Sea having risen from the deep. He deduces this view from the fact, that fossil remains of rein-deer are found abundantly in all the alluvial peat bogs of Scania, but are unknown throughout the entire country which lies between it and Southern Lapland.

The female rein-deer presents an exception to the rule which prevails among the antlered kinds, in having the head armed as in the male,—a fact recorded by Julius Cæsar, who describes the species as an inhabitant of the Hercynian forest, that "boundless contiguity of shade," which extended to the far Uralian Mountains. There is, indeed, a remarkable inequality of polar distances in the distribution of this, as of several other species, in accordance with the difference of meridian. Humboldt has long since shown that physical climates do not lie in parallel bands at equal distances from the equator, but that the isothermal lines recede from the pole in the interior of continents, and advance towards it as we approach the shores, so that the further any northern species is naturally removed from the ameliorating climatic influence of the sea, the more extended may be its range in a southerly direction. Of this the species now under consideration affords a remarkable illustration. Pallas (writing towards the close of the preceding century) informs us, that herds of wild rein-deer were still found among the pine woods which extend from the banks of the Oufa, under 55 deg. to those of the Kama. They are known to proceed still farther south, along the shady summits of that prolonged portion of the Uralian Mountains which stretches between the Don and the Wolga, as far as 46 deg. Thus they advance almost to the base of the Caucasian Mountains, along the banks of the river Kouma, where, at least in the days of Pallas, scarcely a winter passed without a few being shot by the Kalmucks, under a latitude more than a hundred miles to the south of Astracan.*

* The elk was unknown to the Greeks both by name and nature. The word *alce* first occurs in the writings of Julius Cæsar, and is supposed to have been adopted by him from the Celts. The Celtic name is elch, the Swedish elg. The American title of *Moose-deer* is derived from the Cree-Indian term *Moosoa*.

* The Southern limits of the American reindeer are by no means distinctly known, in consequence chiefly of the native name of *caribou* being vaguely applied to more than one species. Dr. Harlan, a recent writer, (in his *Fauna Americana*, 1826,) brings them as far south as the State of Maine, but he neither gives his authority nor distinctly states his own personal knowledge of what he ought to have regarded as a singular circumstance, requiring circumstantial proof. Charievoix, (*Histoire de Nouvelle France*, 1777,) who probably died before Harlan was born, mentions that, in his time, so rare was the reindeer in the latitude of Quebec, that he never knew of more than one having wandered thither, and this solitary sample, on being chased, precipitated itself from Cape Diamond, and, after swimming across the St. Lawrence, was killed by some Indians encamped on Point Levi. There are two well-marked if not permanent varieties of this animal in North America. Those which pass their bright but fleeting summer in the "barren grounds," and along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, are small of stature, and consequently so light that a hunter can carry a full-grown doe across his shoulders. It is highly esteemed as food, and were it not for its great abundance in the Barrens, the Chepewyans, Copper, Dog-rib, and Hare Indians of Great-bear Lake, would be unable to inhabit those desolate lands. The noted and almost indispensable *pemmican* is formed of its pounded flesh, incorporated with one third part of its melted fat. Sir John Richardson was of opinion, that when in prime condition, this variety is superior to the finest English mutton. We have elsewhere remarked that he was probably hungrier in the Arctic regions than he has ever been at home. The other variety, known as the *woodland caribou*, is of larger size, and much inferior flavor. One of its most remarkable peculiarities consists in its travelling *southwards* in the *spring*, crossing the Nelson and Severn rivers in vast numbers during the month of May, in order to spend the summer on the low marshy shores of James's Bay, from whence it returns inland, and in a *northerly* direction, in September. The stream of life, as constituted by the migratory movements of other animals, is usually the reverse of this. But we may well believe they are directed by One who cannot err.

Whether the varieties which constitute the species as it exists in the old world, conform to those of the new, we cannot say. We shall state the facts, so far as known. They apply, however,

We have never been able to satisfy ourselves regarding the precise period at which the important process of shedding the antlers is performed by rein-deer, "Though the male as well as the female," says Mr. Lloyd, "shed their horns annually, it is not at the same period, for the males lose theirs soon after the rutting season, in the autumn, whilst the females and the young males do not part with theirs until pretty late in spring." He afterwards indicates the rutting season more specially as being "about the end of September, or beginning of October." Winter must therefore be commenced in Finmark and Lapland before these creatures cast their antlers, and unless their growth is more rapid than we can well suppose, the worst part of it must have passed before they have been effectively reformed. Yet we are often told that the portion called the brow antler, is of great service in scraping the snow from the lichens and other plants of lowly growth on which they feed. In all the wintry snow-scenes represented by Mr. Lloyd, the rein-deer is exhibited with amply developed antlers. It is known that a buck rein-deer lived nearly three years not far from Hackney. He cast his antlers in winter for two successive seasons, and renewed them in spring. During one of these seasons they continued in the state of stumps till the 30th of January, and then began to shoot; and on the 24th of February they were only five or six inches high, and covered by a thick pile. This account does not agree with that of Leems, who describes this animal as losing its antlers in spring. It is true that both Hoffberg and Buffon maintain the contrary, yet as Leems lived ten years in Lapland, his experience must have exceeded that of all naturalists combined; and his account is more consistent with the fact already referred to, of the creature scraping the ground with its brow antlers during the winter season,—a circumstance by the by strongly dwelt upon even by those writers who, at the same time, deny the existence of the parts in question, during the very period they are pleased to put them to that use. Leems himself, indeed, makes no reference to that service, but, on the contrary, says expressly that the rein-deer obtains the snow-covered lichens by means of its feet. We presume that these somewhat contradictory statements are best reconciled, or at least accounted for, by the fact, that the different sexes and ages of this species cast their antlers at different times.

We dare not now enter upon the ornithology of Scandinavia, to which a large portion of Mr. Lloyd's second volume is devoted. We may take an after opportunity to discourse on the birds of the northern regions.

only to the domesticated tribes. The Lapland reindeer, though powerful in the sledge, are of small stature compared with those reared in the northern parts of Asia by the Tungusians, who ride upon them. There are two kinds of subjugated reindeer in Lapland. The one is the *fiall-ren*, or mountain reindeer, and is herded for the greater portion of the year on regions of such great elevation as to be nearly destitute of arborial vegetation. The other, called the *scogs-ren*, is the larger of the two, and is pastured in the forests all the year round. Neither variety equals the wild animal in size, and the principal reason assigned for this deterioration is, that the larger portion of the milk of the dam being reserved by the Lapps for their own subsistence, the fawns are stinted of their fair proportion. When reindeer run, they make a well-known "clattering" sound with their closing hoofs. We are surprised that Von Buch should attribute this to "the incessant crackling of the knee-joints, as if produced by a succession of electric shocks."

CAMPHOR PRODUCING INSANITY.—The Toronto Colonist says:—"We are informed that no less than eight persons have been admitted into the lunatic asylum in a state of insanity, occasioned by consuming quantities of camphor to prevent cholera. Some of them carried it about in their pockets, and kept from time to time eating small quantities of it. Others took it dissolved in brandy. In all cases where it was taken in any quantity it produced insanity. It is a fact well known that a comparatively small quantity of camphor will set a dog mad, and that he will soon afterwards die."

WONDERFUL GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—It is not long since it was announced that the skeleton of a man had been found so deep in the mud, at New Orleans, that it must have been buried at least "fifty-seven thousand years ago." More recently, a fossil frog has been dug up from a great depth on the Wabash Bottoms, whereupon a contemporary applies the argument of Nott and Gliddon in regard to the fossil man, to the frog; and gives us the following well-merited application of the croaking of the men above named over the Bible:—"A fossil frog has been discovered in the Wabash Bottom, several feet below the surface, with half a dozen strata of mud above him, to the formation of which, according to well-established geological principles, a period of 6,000 years each may be attributed. When this astounding ante-Adamite fossil was brought to light, all the live old frogs gathered around it, and exclaimed (in their deep base): "Pentateuch! Pentateuch! Og! Humbug! Echo! Abimelech! Balek! Amalek! Amalek!" and the young frogs, startled at the discovery, cried (in sharp and piercing tone): "Gliddon, Gliddon! Nott and Nott! Agassee!" It is thought that this frog is several years older than the skeleton of the man found near New Orleans some time ago."

From Hogg's Instructor.

WINIFRED: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"In my death my life is crown'd,
Since I see there, with angels gathering round,
My angel! Ay, love, thou hast kept thy faith—
I mine. The golden portals will not close,
Like these of earth, between us."

CHAPTER I.

My own thoughts have so long been my only companions, that it seems quite natural and easy for the pen to express these silent communings. Incased in the impenetrable shield of loneliness of heart, storms may sweep around; but they can assail me no more—I am proof against their worst buffetings. Yet, in visions of night, my pillow is often watered with tears, and my sighs awaken me; nay, I laugh as I laughed when a girl, and start up with a smile on my lips.

But reality returns with day, and our latter days are precious; for we must work while there is light, because the night approacheth, when the mourners go about the streets, and man is carried to his last home. The work which is now appointed for me to do—self-appointed and impulsive indeed, but not to be slighted on that account—is to unfold, as I best can, some portion of the inner life of our being, which I do not hesitate in supposing every one is conscious of possessing in a greater or less degree, though few take the trouble to analyze its meaning, and many do not comprehend it at all. This inner life is not deceit in a child, nor is it depth of thought in persons of mature age; it is something over which we have no control; and I think it is through means of this inner life, we are haunted by those mysterious strains of remembered music—half a note, it may be—dim and indistinct, when attempt is made to sing it aloud, but swelling into a thousand echoes in silence and darkness. I was early awake to this inner life; and through the long vista of years, I can look back and recall the perceptions and feelings of the hour.

I was a delicate, sickly child, and accustomed during some portion of each day to recline on a little couch, round which muslin curtains were drawn. I did not always sleep; but my mother and my nurse thought I did, because my eyes were closed, and I lay so very still. It was rest to close my eyes, and shut out every object; it was rest, not to move a finger, though the brain was busily working, and the mouth parched with fever. I remember hearing my nurse approach—I knew her peculiar footstep—and drawing aside the curtains, she spoke in a whisper to some other person; and, as she bent over me, I felt a tear fall on my face.

"Dear child; I don't think she'll live. I never knew a child with ways like hers to grow up. Besides, she doesn't look as if she belonged to earth—does she? Ah! if she *does* live, sorrow and she will be well acquaint, or I know nothing of the human countenance."

I lay still and pondered the saying in my heart; no prophetic feeling of approaching death disturbed my childish imagination. I felt a conviction that a long futurity was before me on earth, but that it would be a futurity wherein "sorrow and I would be well acquaint." I hugged the knowledge and the conviction to my heart, priding myself on keeping this knowledge sacredly within my own breast. Thus, when I sported in my childish plays—frolicking and laughing—something came across me, which often made me wish to hide my head on my mother's knee, covering it with a shawl or apron, as if to shut out the world. This *something* was an inexpressible sadness or foreboding which I never told even to that dear mother; but which often made the childish laughter hollow, and the frolic play a mimicry. Yet the laughter and the play were not forced—were perfectly natural—the ebullition of unrestrained animal spirits. The outward life was visible to all lookers-on; the inner life was mine, and mine only! But I could not feel happy or at peace, until I told nurse that I was not always asleep during the day-time, when my eyes were closed; it seemed a species of dissimulation to hide the fact from her; but she only laughed and said, "Ay, ay, dearie; it's difficult when the pretty bo-peeps are closed, to know whether we're sleeping or waking."

I remember finding out tunes on the piano before I could speak plainly, and standing on a low footstool to reach it; but when I began to learn music in real earnest—and playing by ear was forbidden—then I used to wonder what the use of all this study and labor was in the end, when it could not keep sorrow away. It was a childish argument, and yet there was some truth in it; but, nevertheless, I felt elated by my mother's praise, who declared my musical talents were unique. Even she did not guess how painfully each nerve thrilled and quivered beneath the alternations. I was a passionate child—wayward and disobedient often. Whenever the wind was high, I felt wild and restless, bounding about like a young antelope; but wet or gloomy weather depressed my spirits, and gave me a foretaste of that complete sinking of the heart, which is so hard to combat with, from physical or other causes. When I rebelled against my gentle mother's authority, she rarely corrected or reproved me; it was against her nature to say a severe or harsh word, or even to rebuke mildly; but she left me to Nurse Topham, and that was the worst punishment that could be inflicted. Not because nurse was unkind—I was the apple of her eye; but because, when separated from my mother, when I could no longer bask in the sunshine of her presence, conscience rose up in arms, and I realized the remorse of poor Mary Ann in the old ballad, who killed her dear mamma by unkindness, and then weeping, cried,

"Oh, if she would but come again,
I think I'd use her so no more."

Nurse Topham had taught me this sad history; but I never told her the agony it inflicted on me; and when I had been a naughty child, and mamma had gone out, I soon dried my tears, and played about as usual. But dark shadows, which no human eye could see, gathered round my heart, and I determined, with a determination never equalled since, to hide myself in the deep

pond at the bottom of our garden, if *my* mamma did not return again—as nurse hinted there was a possibility of her running away from so cruel a child! My agony was too acute for endurance, not to be vented in tears or exclamations. I knew there was a remedy, and I knew nurse would not understand me if I spoke to her of my feelings. What had she or any one else to do with this inner life? It was separate and distinct from outward action, and who but God could comprehend its intricacies? Of what avail trying to make them understand it? Mamma returned from her walk or her visit, smiling and embracing me, quite forgetful that I had been naughty. I was in her arms, gaily laughing and caressing her, and who would have thought of the deep dark waters, beneath the sunny surface of a little child's frolic mood?

Childhood was with me made up of such emotions and experiences. I dared not tell an untruth, because God's eye was always upon me; I felt so perfectly convinced of this, that I look back to the realization of His presence in my childhood with inexpressible awe. Lies were abomination in His sight; I shuddered at the bare idea of uttering one. Often I wished they would let me sleep out in the fields; for then, perhaps, I might behold a ladder reaching to heaven as Jacob did, and see the bright angels ascending and descending. Angels! how I dreamt of the glorious host night and day; at night, when all around were sleeping, I would steal from my bed to look down on the garden bathed in moonlight, and, as the shadows fluttered to and fro, trembling to believe a white-robed messenger might rest for one moment there. No one ever talked to me of angels and their holy guardianship; no one ever knew that the stars of heaven and the holy moonlight were to me a world apart from the garish light of day; and yet heaven, and the angels, the moonlight, the stars, and the flowers, peopled this inner life of mine with a vivid reality, which no other reality has ever surpassed.—Still, when the sweet springtide arrives, and the lilacs blossom, I cannot regard the delicate lovely flowers with mere admiration; they are associated with childish recollection, and they tell *me* a tale which others hear not, and I involuntarily look towards the distant hills, half expecting to see the good pilgrims coming, of whom I read in my childhood, that they promised to visit their distant friends when the lilacs flowered. At set of sun they came, standing out against the sky on a distant ridge, and their friends, the shepherds, began to pipe sweet melodies to welcome them from afar; and, ever as they came nearer, travel-worn and weary, these delicious strains fell on their ears; then they met, and all in the twilight knelt down and prayed solemnly together beneath the evening skies. Nurse said it was a true picture—true to me, for I never forgot it, but always wished that I, too, had dear pious friends, who would visit me in pilgrim guise when the lovely lilacs flowered; for when I grew up, and the sorrow came, which I knew must come, how blessed it would be to gather with them at the solemn time of prayer, and to hear their words of comfort.

In the depths of agony I have listened to words of support and comfort; but from no human voice In my silent chamber alone those words have come unto me, and even then I have remembered the picture I loved in my childhood, of the weary pilgrims, and the strains of music greeting their wakeful ears.

"Ay, ay, Miss Winny," nurse oftentimes said as she brushed and twisted my curls round her fingers—"ay, ay, Miss Winny, the day isn't far off when you won't need *me* to take care of this brown flax silk o' yourn; you won't tumble it then, and be so careless how it looks; no, no, not you."

"Why, nurse?" I always seriously inquired; for I was a troublesome, inquisitive child, always liking a reason for everything.

"Why?" and nurse laughed merrily. "Because, forsooth, you like pretty pictures already, and you'll look in the glass, and not like to see an ugly one there."

"But I am not ugly, nurse;" for I had often contemplated myself with an undefinable sensation of awe—the mysteries of being puzzled me greatly. "I am not ugly, and never shall be."

"Oh, you vain puss, who's been a telling you such a fib."

"It isn't a fib, nurse, and myself told myself."

"Good gracious, the child's very odd; I always said so."

And nurse told my mother how vain I was, and she smiled, and said, "I was not vain, but had found out the truth." Yet how mistaken they both were! I had not a particle of vanity in my composition, though ever after the character clung to me. I looked in the glass, and I saw that I was not indeed "ugly;" but my ideal of beauty was my father's picture which hung in my mother's bedroom, and I bore no resemblance to that. My mother told me that my sister Clare was exactly like it, and that she was beautiful. I yearned to behold her; and in after years, as in my childhood, I invariably drew silent comparisons between her and myself, marvelling that we were the daughters of one father, and so unlike. But the saying went abroad, "I am not ugly;" and Clare, with everybody else, pronounced little Winny a spoiled, vain girl.

Oh, this unfathomable inner life, this mystery of mysteries; how impotent each endeavor to follow its course, or to describe its workings!

"Winny is affectionate," I once heard my mother say, "and that covers a multitude of faults."

Affectionate! What a cold term it seemed, and how ardently I yearned even then for one person in the world to understand me. My love for my mother amounted to an agony, which made me conceal it from observation; I so dreaded a repulse, though her tender nature rendered her incapable of it in the usual acceptation of the term; but a half word, a look, a gesture alarmed me; for I better liked to be caressed than to caress. I often sought a lonely place to weep, in passionate tears, until my weakly frame was exhausted with emotion. "Mamma did not love me as I wished to be loved." I was discontented and

miserable. But the mood was dispelled by outward circumstances, such as lights, music, kind words, and pleasant social meetings. I remember well those passionate tears of my childhood, when I bathed my eyes to hide the trace of sorrow, and blushed if I was asked why I had been crying. Why? Could I tell the reason? Because I was not loved enough? Ah, then, as since, the tears were shed in secret, for the same cause, with the same wild yearning grief, the same, but increasing in strength and intensity, as years progressed. I can recall that dawning inner life of the soul, when outward events are buried in Time's oblivious gulf. Strange! that the old woman's memory should cling to the dim, mysterious shadow, when the substance is unseen and intangible.

CHAPTER II.

I was my mother's only child, and she an officer's widow, subsisting on a scanty pension. My father, Captain Wardour, had been married before, and a daughter by his first wife inherited her mother's fortune, and resided entirely with a maternal aunt. This half-sister, Clare Wardour, was ten years old when I was born. Before my father died, a vision haunted me of a tall girl, who fondly embraced and called me her "tiny sister Winny." The vision was a beautiful and charming one, and was engraven on my heart as a mist-like dream. Nurse Topham used to tell me that my sister Clare would be a rich, great lady, and that she lived in a grand house, far away; but when I wanted to go and see her, nurse shook her head, and said "I must wait a bit; for it was Miss Peveril's house, and Miss Peveril didn't like little children."

"But Clare was a little child once," urged I, and didn't Miss Peveril like her?"

"That's quite another matter, Miss Winny," replied nurse, "seeing as how Miss Clare is the child of Miss Peveril's own beloved sister, besides being a healthy, fine girl, full of spirits. Miss Peveril doats on her to distraction, I have heard say."

Happy sister Clare! thought I, to be loved to "distraction;" besides being in the full possession of health, beauty and spirit! *She* never could feel that weariness and sinking of the heart which a weakly constitution entails; *she* never could feel that pining and yearning to be caressed and fondled, which ever remained unsatisfied. Earth afforded a happy home to her, and she was contented. Foolish little Winny! had not Clare an inner life as well as you?

I was eight years old when my sister Clare became the wife of Mr. Paulet; and, though I could not comprehend the exact meaning of the word "marriage," yet it conveyed to me a knowledge of some momentous event, altering Clare's position in life, and causing her friends to rejoice; inasmuch as rich cake, and white kid gloves, and a superb cambric robe for me, and everybody offering congratulations, fully evidenced.

From the date of Clare's marriage our outward condition greatly improved, and luxuries found their way into our dwelling hitherto unknown. We resided in a small, dingy house, whose windows nearly all opened towards a garden at the back, bounded by fields and swelling hills. The garden was a pleasant and secluded spot, and a walk through the fields led to a beautiful park, wherein were public foot-paths. We never walked anywhere else, for the high road was monotonous, and either dirty or dusty; and we were within an hour and a half's ride of the metropolis — a journey always performed in a hired chaise with post-horses, for the purpose of recreation or business. Our domestic establishment consisted of a single servant, for general practical work, and nurse before alluded to, whose sole province was to tend and foster me, and wait on my mother, who was very helpless in waiting on herself. From my earliest years, I always knew that my mother was in want of money, though she constantly talked about strict economy, and in some things practised it; but it seemed an incongruity to ride to London in the expensive way we did, and there to purchase articles of dress and toilet adjuncts, which were only compatible with rank and fortune. But my mother's patrician lineage swayed her taste in these matters, and to her they appeared absolute necessaries; the consequence being, that, although living a life of privacy, and, as she considered, of privation, she often experienced considerable difficulty in making "both ends meet."

Nurse was her mistress's confidant in these pecuniary troubles, and, indeed, in all others; for the faithful creature had been for many years in the family, and considered herself one of us; and, as they conversed unreservedly in my hearing, I was fully aware how bitterly my mother felt her comparative poverty, and also that she had, in a time of great need, made application to Miss Peveril for a trifling loan of money, and been refused. Miss Peveril did not like to lend money, and considered my mother very extravagant. Nurse detested her, in consequence, though she did not tell me so; but I knew in my heart that it was not Miss Peveril's dislike to children that prevented our being invited to her house. But when Clare became the wife of Mr. Paulet, and had a grand house of her own, and her aunt Peveril continued to reside with the beloved niece, from whom she could not bear to part, then Clare exercised her own will, and with a generous hand showered gifts on her little sister Winny, delicately conferred, and deeply felt by my noble-hearted mother; she whose own spirit was so liberal and ungrudging in all things. We also received pressing invitations to visit the Priory, for so Mr. Paulet's mansion was called; but my dear mother had an aversion to leaving home, for her health was not so robust as formerly, and she always declined them.

As to my going to school, that was a thing never even dreamt of, or alluded to as a possibility. My mother was very fond of reading, and subscribed to an excellent library and, when I had learned from her to read and write, and the elements of an average education, of course, including music, all the rest was left to myself, and I devoured volumes of memoirs, biographies, travels, and a good deal of deep ecclesiastical matter, just as it came to hand. Reading was

my passion, music my dream; and when, at fourteen, a foreign governess was provided, at Clare's expense, I found a regular routine of study quite hateful. The lady came three times a week to our house, remaining several hours at each visit. She was a highly accomplished and elegant person, and her musical attainments of a brilliant order. She was delighted with my ready acquirements of the latter accomplishment. No difficulty overcame me. I could not comprehend why the piano should not be under perfect control. She recommended me to practise, prophesying a career of future glory, if I chose to appear as a public candidate. But without daily and arduous devotion, this was not to be accomplished, and I smiled inwardly at madame's ignorance of my disposition. I could improvise, add, and alter; but the cold, mechanical part was odious, nay, impossible to master. My mother smiled, and applauded all my wild flights; and, when madame shook her head, and said, it was a pity such fine talent should be wasted, my mother smilingly replied, "But Winny plays enchantingly; what more is needed?"

"Application, Madame Wardour," said the persevering foreigner—"application. Without it, Mademoiselle Winny will never do any real good."

She brought me difficult pieces. I easily conquered them; so easily that I felt contempt for such commonplace acquirement; but when I sat down alone to the piano, and drank in the sweet sounds I produced, I was satisfied.

"This is the music of my dreams," said I, "the inner voice of my soul; it has power to soothe or to raise the soul to God. I will not be trammelled."

The foreign lady despaired of my improvement; and, after she had endeavored to impart tuition in various branches of learning and accomplishment for nearly two years, she left me to my fate. She had taught me very little, after all.

When I had attained my sixteenth year, my mother accepted an invitation to a dance at Lady Marlowe's, for the purpose of introducing me into society. Lady Marlowe was my godmother; but I had never seen her in my life, until I stood by my mother's side in her lighted drawing-rooms, in dismay at the noise and glitter, and ardently wishing myself at home again. I felt ashamed to dance before so many people, and I did not know what to say to my partners; inwardly, I was convinced that none of those exquisitely dressed young men would care to notice such a stupid young thing as me! If they did address me, it would be from compassion, and I detested the idea of being pitied, so I must pluck up spirit, and try to talk all sorts of nonsense. That evening, for the first time, a strange and new idea flitted through my busy brain. I had many partners, and I soon found out they did not dance with me from "compassion." Then this new impression stole over me (how well do I remember the new life it opened to my view), that it was given me intuitively to know on each new introduction of one of the opposite sex, if this identical one was to be my fate; or, in other words, if this was the being I was predestined to love. It was a wild fancy; for I was utterly untainted by companionship with other girls, and the most innocent infantile "miss," so far as regarded such coquettish speculation. But the idea came, and never again deserted me till that fate was accomplished. As I gazed on each of my successive partners, an involuntary smile passed athwart my face. "Not him, not him,' a laughing monkey inwardly ejaculated, and I merrily laughed outright. "What charming spirits you have," said one. "What are you laughing at?" said another, quite angrily.—"I am laughing at myself," replied I; and the young gentlemen looked at me in amazement, whispering to a neighbor, "that he had an idiot for his partner!"

However, I got on very well, and my spirits were excessive; yet I was far from feeling pleased or happy, and I felt a conviction, that not in the atmosphere of a ball room should I meet the ideal being who was to rule my future destiny for good or ill. Ever afterwards my heart throbbed on introduction to strangers, though I felt heartily for cherishing the impression, yet powerless to cast it off. I would not have had nurse penetrate my thoughts for worlds, not even my mother; and I often wept at what I feared was immodesty, and blushed scarlet when alone, as I recalled my agitation on the announcement of any unknown gentleman.

Little did my gentle mother imagine, when pleasantly apologizing for "Winny's bashfulness," and adding, in extenuation, that she was a "mere child of sixteen," little did she image that one glance had sufficed to calm my perturbation—one tone of the voice to dispel all the illusions of fancy. "This is not my fate," whispered the inner voice; and then I was at ease. Strange mystery! that, when I met the eye and heard the voice, which seemed to me as if I had known them long ago in some other and fairer world than this, I remained serene and unmoved, and no fluttering or agitation of manner betrayed my secret. Strange mystery! that such perfect self-command is possible over all outward demonstration, when inwardly we are so powerless, tempest-swayed, and hopeless of control.

I had read novels with emotions of deep disgust, and I had no sympathy with love-sick damsels in their sentimental distresses; but whenever I came to a page where self-abnegation was portrayed, or heroic silent endurance painted, or intellectual supremacy developed, there I lingered.

Mamma often said to me, "Ah, my darling, you are far too sensitive for roughing it in this weary world of ours; you will never be able to endure much. Pray God, your lot may be a sheltered one, my Winny!"

How I yearned to find words to impress on my dear mother the great truth which in characters of light was impressed on my heart: that my powers of endurance were unlimited; for that I had two separate beings—the inner life of the soul, and the outward one of the body. But words were denied me, and I was silent; for mamma's cheek was pale, and her step more feeble than of yore, and a pang of indescribable agony shot through me as I glanced in thought, (but glanced) towards an event which might test

my powers of endurance to the utmost. Oh, it was dreadful to think of her death! How I clung to her, and fondled, and embraced her sweet form, and she unknowing the agony of my heart all the while.

There is no doubt that it was her anxiety as to my future welfare which caused my mother to lend a serious hearing to a proposal of marriage made to me by a nephew of Lady Marlowe's—a young man of fortune and amiable deportment. I was so utterly amazed, so completely bewildered by the circumstance, that it was a long time ere I succeeded in realizing the truth of being no longer a child; but the bare idea of leaving my mother, of my going forth into the world, caused me intolerable anguish; and, as to my suitor, I had not been aware of his attentions, nor exchanged half a dozen words with him. My mother sighed when she found the state of my mind was such, and Lady Marlowe's nephew received an answer from her; for I could not restrain my tears when she asked me to meet him again; and to see me weep, made my mother completely miserable. Nurse looked very solemn and important, and pursed her mouth, and declined to express her sentiments; but I always imagined she had turned a favorable eye on the comely youth, who ever had a smile and a gift for her.

From this period, for the next two years, every thought and energy was engrossed by my beloved parent, for, after a rather severe attack of illness, although the medical men pronounced her entirely out of danger, she never regained her strength, but gradually sank—so gradually, so calmly and patiently, that even Nurse Topham was deceived, and believed her better; but I never was: from the beginning I endured pangs such as no mortal can describe. She did not know that death was approaching her so creepingly; she spoke of the future—of some day visiting Clare Paulet, and seeing Clare's little son, who had been born within a twelvemonth of Clare's marriage. We heard sad accounts of this baby heir; he was born misshapen, and the mother never but once alluded to the subject in her letters; the words were few, but strangely bitter, and I pondered over them with curious interest, striving to penetrate my disappointed sister's inmost heart. Afterwards she alluded to her little son in the usual affectionate terms of a young mother, but I never forgot the first bitter ebulition of her grief.

I often look back now to that period of my youth, and regard it as an apprenticeship to suffering and endurance, and, I may add, of concealment, for I studiously avoided betraying to my mother the anguish which consumed me. I dared not trust myself to speak of the future—the future *without her!*

Many a time I have rushed from the chamber, to give vent to my sorrow unseen by human eyes; and with a smiling mien I have returned to sit beside the pale form extended on the sofa, glad to shade my face from her quick observation, as I read aloud, not knowing oftentimes what I read, only that it cheered and amused her. I always concluded with a portion of the Holy Scriptures; and how eagerly she listened, saying that none read the Bible like her child! Did I study it enough with her? Oh, God, it is a fearful question! And when she became insensible, and so continued for two days, ere she breathed her last sigh in my arms, that dread question probed me to the soul. Still I might read, but could she hear? Would she ever hear again those words of hope and comfort? The glazing eyes, the gasping breath, the last faint pressure of the hand—all, all are with me now; and the Bible is faded and worn, and the mark remains where I placed it, in that last page she ever listened to, on Faith, bedewed with tears, and dim with kisses. I heard my mother's last sigh on earth; I felt the clammy hands grow colder and colder; and I awoke to a sense of overwhelming desolation in my own dark chamber, with poor Nurse Topham weeping beside me.

For five days I went continually to and fro, to and fro, from my own chamber to the door of that in which she lay in her coffin; *to the door*—I dared not enter. I placed my ear against the wood; I tried to pierce it with my gaze. I touched it, as if it would melt at my touch, and so disclose the dread object which was concealed beyond. Nurse Topham had the key in her pocket, but that was nothing: she would do my bidding, if I asked her for it; but I dared not. The sixth day after my mother's decease was Sunday, and the beloved remains were to be consigned to a vault in Elvin Church on the following Tuesday; nurse said she was "*changed*," and the coffin must be soldered down immediately.

During the period assigned for the performance of the solemn Sunday service, a sudden determination took complete possession of every faculty, to enter the chamber of death. I obtained the key, poor nurse exclaiming piteously, "You had better not go in, Miss Winny—it'll kill you."

"Kill me, nurse!—No, no," I replied; "it will do me good; it may cause me to shed tears, and that will relieve this agony on the brain."

In a moment I entered alone, shut the door, stood by the coffin, and raised the white sheet. I parted the lips with my kisses, I dishevelled the shroud and head-gear, I clasped the icy hands—I had my mother in my arms again, and with a wild, exulting laugh, I remember screaming, "Who shall part us more?" The laughter seemed to make my brain burn fiercely; it rang through the house. The horrors of delirium succeeded; and when the funeral morning dawned, unconsciousness saved me from the rack I must have otherwise endured. Lady Marlow's nephew, and the physician who had attended her, alone followed my beloved mother's remains to their last resting-place.

That frightful awakening to life again makes me shudder at this distance of time, when I look back. Nurse and I were alone in the house, for the other domestic was discharged by Topham, who knew the necessity of economy better than I did. There were many debts to be cancelled, and no provision whatever for the future: it was a topic on which my mother and I had never discoursed; but when I was able to bear the light, nurse gave me a letter from my sister Clare, wherein my destiny was clearly defined. It seemed a matter of course that I should find a shelter

with her; she spoke of it as such, and mentioned the time, not far distant, when a confidential servant of Mr. Paulet's would be sent to make every necessary arrangement, and escort *us* (for Nurse Topham was to accompany me) to the Priory. The latter's gratitude was boundless, and she extolled Clare's generosity and kindness. What had I to find fault with? I made no comment; but in the silent recesses of my own heart I felt a want—and a sting. What respect had they shown to my precious mother's memory? Ought not Mr. Paulet to have followed her remains to the grave? I knew little of such things; but still a secret whisper said this ought to have been so, and *would*, had she been affluent and powerful. Clare's letter, too, was strictly affectionate and conventional, but the want and the sting were there too; yet she was my father's daughter, and we were sisters, and it seemed perfectly natural that her home was mine now. I could not find words to explain my feelings, even had I desired to do so; but I did not; for why waste words on nurse, who could not comprehend their meaning? Bodily prostration and weakness often caused those abundant tears to well forth, which otherwise would doubtless have been pent up, for it was not my wont to indulge in sorrow; and when the fond creature on more than one occasion found me weeping, she exclaimed, "Don't give way, Miss Winny—don't give way. Remember the dear saint looks upon you, and she never could a-bear to see you cry. Besides, you done your duty by your dear departed mamma, Miss Winny—you done your duty."

Oh, those words, how they pierced my soul. "Done my duty." Alas! that duty must have been well and faithfully performed indeed, when the living mourner had no reserve on that score. I remembered only all my disobedience, my carelessness of her wishes, my inattention and waywardness; I remembered her love, her soft kisses, her praise of all I did, her blessing oft-repeated; and to recall her back to earth but for one short month, I would thankfully have died with her at the end of it, so that I might demonstrate the gushing affection of the child for the parent. I never had demonstrated it; but she knew it now—she knew it now—and there was comfort only in that belief.

"*Now* she knows how I loved her, nurse, despite all my evil tempers and ways."

"And she knew it when in the flesh, Miss Winny," replied nurse, sobbing, "for all you were a bit tiresome now and then."

What a sharp knife pierced me as she spoke. And never could I have endured the uncontrollable anguish of that bereavement, had not the certainty of belief supported me, that the departed *now* saw only the inner life; and the outward but as the worthless shell containing the embalmed treasures within, hidden from human observation. There was comfort in the thought, that *now* she knew how her child had loved her when on earth; misapprehensions cleared away, and all laid bare for inspection, as it never could have been when the coil of humanity darkened perception.

Nurse thought time was doing its usual work, and obliterating my grief; she unceasingly deplored our loss, at all times and on all occasions, with tears abundantly. But as strength of body gradually returned, so the mind regained its former tone, and I was able to conquer each semblance of outward emotion. But oh, my mother! that inner life, that mysterious, tender inner life, so easily acted upon, vibrating like the sensitive plant at the slightest touch—in that inner life you were, and are enshrined; and not the absorbing passion of a lifetime has dislodged the nursing-mother. When I saw children nestling beside parents, when I heard the word so long unspoken, when I beheld partial mothers bringing forward their daughters—then the sense of desolation fell like an ice-bolt on my heart, long, long years afterwards. Who so partial as the loving mother? Not the enraptured lover or the doating husband. It is a common and how oft-repeated saying, "What love is like unto a mother's." It is as common as the Holy Bible, but like the Holy Bible, becomes new when light is vouchsafed. I wanted a bosom on which to lean, I wanted eyes to follow my steps with admiration, I wanted protection in the parent nest, and I felt as I can imagine a girl feels at school for the first time among strangers, after leaving a happy home, where she has been the spoiled pet, when the time arrived for me to go forth into the world.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Paulet's servant came, armed with full authority, and full instructions. Our journey to the west of England was performed by easy stages, and darkness had set in on the evening of the third day, when we reached our destination.

At this distance of time, many minute impressions and circumstances escape my memory, which doubtless tended to stamp indelibly each new phase of action. On the night of my arrival, the actors in this drama of real life passed before my vision as the phantasmagoria of a dream; but as they first appeared, so will I present them; while the strange wailing and rushing of the winds all night, mingled sometimes, as I imagined, with the distant booming of ocean surges, attuned my mind to contemplate with morning light the Priory and its adjuncts.

The housekeeper conducted me to a room, which looked just like our common parlor at home, so comfortable and unpretending, there was a blazing fire in the grate, and tea awaited me—but where was my sister? Mrs. Allen, the housekeeper, who anxiously ministered to my requirements, said that Mr. and Mrs. Paulet were gone to dine at Arundel, but would return by midnight, for Arundel was many miles off. And this was my reception in my sister's house; and I asked myself the question, "Should I have received Clare thus?" But perhaps she could not help it, and Mr. Paulet wished her to go. I asked if I might see my nephew—if he had retired yet. "Master Jocelin and Mr. Avenel had gone to S—— for a week or two, for the benefit of Master Jocelin's health." I inquired who Mr. Avenel was. Mrs. Allen, who expressed and demeaned herself with great propriety, replied that

Mr. Avenel was the chaplain, and also tutor to Master Jocelin, who was nine years old at the present time.

"Nine years old!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible? How time flies! And yet, now I remember, that when my sister married, I wanted a year of that age."

"If I may take the liberty of making the remark, Miss Wardour," said Mrs. Allen, "I should say that you look older than your years, and Mrs. Paulet younger than hers."

I longed to ask about many things, but delicacy forbade; and I had scarcely partaken of the refreshment, when a domestic appeared, with Miss Peveril's compliments, who would be glad to see me. I was unprepared for this, and had forgotten Miss Peveril for the time altogether; but my dislike and awe of her had grown with my growth: she had refused to assist my mother with a paltry loan of money, and I had always pictured her to myself as a cross, unfeeling, elderly dame, wearing a turban and a severe-colored brocaded robe. I followed the attendant through long passages, up steps and down steps, into an apartment of moderate dimensions, which at a glance I saw was very differently appointed from the one I had taken tea in: elegance, ornament, and luxuriousness were combined, and a few wax-lights shed a soothing radiance over all. But it was the profusion of lovely flowers which fascinated and enchanted me: they were so beautifully arranged, and their fragrance was so delicious, that I became spell-bound, and gazed on them without moving a step forward.

"You are fond of flowers, Winny Wardour, I see," said a low voice, which roused and startled me, close at my elbow; and, on turning, I beheld a lady half rising from an easy-chair, to offer me a welcome. Embarrassed and agitated, I knew not what to do. I knew not who the lady was, till she continued: "You are not in the least like my Clare; but *who* is like her? Do, my dear, sit down and amuse yourself till she returns; my Edward and my darling will not be late."

I sank down, as desired; indeed, my feet failed me, for thoughts were busy, and tears were gathering, and I felt choking, in trying to restrain my sobs. Miss Peveril had given me but one cursory glance, she had not even extended a hand; and now she went on with some fancy-work, as if my entrance was a common and usual occurrence, and she had no interest, no curiosity whatever concerning me. And this was Miss Peveril! how different from what I had expected to see! I had ample opportunity to contemplate her, for she hardly once looked up from her embroidery, but her low voice continued to flow on in an uninterrupted current; and when I at length brought myself to listen attentively, and to distinguish the words, by degrees they completely and involuntarily absorbed my attention.

She was a small, attenuated, withered old lady, with hair white as snow, uncovered, and carefully braided and arranged; her dress was of pure white cambric, covering her throat and arms in a seemly fashion, and falling, in profuse folds, around her slight person. She was wholly devoid of ornament, but wore a single rose in her bosom; no spectacles aided her sight, and her gray eyes seemed but slightly dimmed from age. Now and then she leaned back in her chair, and, with closed eyes, continued to talk: I do not know if she would have noticed my quitting the room, but I had not courage to do so. I wondered if it was always her habit to tell these long, long stories; and, whilst I was wondering, she became silent, and then I observed that the little old lady had talked herself asleep.

A movement of mine aroused her, and, resuming the thread of her discourse, she warbled on: — "But, as I was saying, Arundel is not to be compared, in point of antiquity or architecture, to the Priory of the Paulets, as I have told Mark Avenel. The Priory dates — let me see, I am such a bad hand at dates, and my Clare never troubles herself with them: however, the Priory bears a very ancient date. The present chapel is erected on the site of a Ladye Chapel, which was built. I do believe, by Edward the Confessor. And he who built and endowed *this* one, is now an angel in heaven, and watches over it, as I tell Mark Avenel."

I ventured to inquire — interrupting the old lady, who, however, gave but small heed — whom she alluded to? Who was the founder of the present chapel? Not that I was particulary interested, but because I thought it polite to say something. Her reply puzzled me, and excited a desire to hear more, which, from her often rambling observations, seemed improbable. To my question she slightly alluded, in return: — "Edward Paulet is a fortunate man in two respects — in being the son of that founder, and in being the husband of my Clare. I tell him so, and I tell our chaplain so. The Paulets have ever been a favored and a pious race, but *one* outshone all the others. Had *he* lived to see the day when Mark Avenel the good stands in the priest's office, it would have rejoiced his noble heart. His face is full of peace and happiness, and the sun's rays often rest on it; for the library window faces the west, and Edward has his father's picture there. The moon shines down upon his grave, and lights up the letters on the stone, which is under the painted window of the chapel, and the rainbow tints make them dance; but I can always spell that noble Paulet's name. Mark Avenel's offerings have been costly, and would have been more so, but Edward would not let him. Clare cultivates and tends all these rare flowers, to cull them for altar-decorations, particularly on festival days — Clare is so fond of flowers. I used to call her a Lily of Sharon, when she was a stately girl; she won't let me now; but she *is* a lily of beauty for all that; and, as I remarked to Mark Avenel, the Paulets are the handsomest couple in all the kingdom. Poor little fellow, that makes it so terrible their only child is thus; and yet Mark Avenel says, that if he lives, Jocelin will be an honor to his ancient race. He is like a noble Paulet, with mild eyes and fine brow ——" Here the old lady dropped off to sleep again, and I took care to keep so quiet, that her rambling reminiscences were not renewed *that* evening.

Wearied with a long journey, and in an atmosphere redolent of the sweetest perfume, faint and

intoxicating, a dreamy reverie stole over my senses, and enveloped them in a mist, through which I distinctly viewed the present scene with my mind's eye; while the eye of the soul (if I may use such an expression) pierced far beyond the present, arrayed the past in memory's most vivid colors, and swept over the future, bringing forth such wild, sad, and melodious music, as an Æolian harp suspended in some dark, enchanted grove, and moved by the sighs of genii, might be imagined to produce. I fancied all the beautiful exotics surrounding me were blossoming lilacs, and that I had come over the hills foot-sore and weary, in pilgrim guise, to visit my good friends the shepherds. A strain of music, from whence I know not, dispelled the vision of my childhood, and others arose in quick succession. I felt sure the sorrow was coming, which I knew must come; and then Miss Peveril's footstool changed into a long black coffin (my mother's coffin), and, with a groan of suppressed agony, that dreadful vision also passed away. Then some of the flowers took the form and semblance of painted windows, rich and dazzling; the table became an altar whereon the holiest Book reposed; and a kneeling, white-robed priest, whose face I could not discern, remained mute and motionless, in the attitude of deep, engrossing devotion. I waited to behold his face; I feared all would vanish ere I was permitted to view it: it was a strange, waking trance. I waited — oh! so long and so patiently — and far, far away I heard angel-hymns of glory, out in the starry night, as the gates celestial unclosed to let some happy departed spirit enter. I heard the bells of the celestial city ringing, and I knew that my mother walked in shining raiment, with a crown of gold on her head, through those golden streets where run the rivers of crystal water forever. Still knelt the priest, clothed in vestal purity, beside the altar, louder pealed the bells, and he looked up; momentarily I met his eyes, when a stately form, in bright apparel, stood between us; and, eagerly endeavoring to remove the unwelcome intruder, by holding up my hand in token of displeasure, exclaiming: "You come between us!" I found my hand grasping a white jewelled arm, more substantial than dreams present; and as the flowers faded once more into their own forms, and the altar again became a table with purple velvet covering, so did the semblance of the priest melt into the folds of muslin drapery round the casement, while only the bright and stately form remained, a real and living creature, with a laugh folding me in a warm embrace, as a whisper reached my ear: "Dear sister Winny, of what are you dreaming?"

As she appeared before me then, so do I see her still, clothed in radiant beauty; but it was a beauty of that kind in a woman which fell coldly on my heart, and I was disappointed. I had always supposed, that, as Clare was said to resemble our father, whose picture was my ideal of perfect beauty, she, too, would reach that standard in my estimation: she did indeed closely resemble the portrait which had hung in my mother's room; but in the *woman* how different the expression and the contour became. Our father seemed to have descended from the canvas, and to stand before me in proud majesty; the clear, cold blue eye, the arched brow, the high forehead, were all there; the slightly Roman nose, and short upper lip, with its ironical curl, the daughter also inherited from her father. There was not a touch of tenderness or shadow to dim the clear, bright, cold beauty on which I gazed; she was transparently fair, and colorless, too, tall and magnificently formed, and looked and moved an empress of the world—so thought.

Her voice, too, was deep-toned and thrilling—a singular voice, unlike any I have ever heard: and as she said, "Dear sister Winny, of what are you dreaming?" Miss Peveril awoke up with a start, and in delighted excitement cried, "My sunbeam! my life! how many days have passed since you left me?"

"Hours are days with you, Aunt Monica," responded Clare, with a smile, scarce bending to receive the kiss which the little old lady wished to impress on her lips. "I fear you have sent poor Winny to sleep, fairly wearied out, she looks so pale and jaded. How many long tales have you inflicted on her to-night?"

"Not one, my life, not one," replied Miss Peveril tenderly. "I am never in spirits when you are away from me. But where is my Edward? Isn't he coming to say good night to his old, loving aunt?"

"Yes, he'll be here directly; but he just went to look after his sick hound, and that is of first importance, you know."

There was something in Clare's tone of voice, as she uttered these simple words, which I did not comprehend—not ironical or contemptuous, or jocose, and yet they grated on me, and struck a chord in my inner life which vibrated painfully, and made discord.

A heavy step approached, and a manly, cheerful voice was heard issuing directions to a domestic respecting the sick animal. Miss Peveril glanced eagerly towards the door, and in another moment was literally in the arms of a gentleman, whom Clare introduced as Mr. Paulet. Kindly he greeted the little old lady, and kindly he greeted me; his eye was kind and his voice was kind, and it was pleasant to hear him speak: he had an open, benevolent countenance—a countenance which portrayed in unmistakable characters simplicity of mind and singleness of heart. Hazel eyes, and short curling brown hair, a florid complexion, regular features and a commanding height, had gained for Mr. Paulet the appellation of a decidedly handsome man.

I do not know how long or how earnestly I had gazed on him, for thoughts were flitting through my mind which never might be spoken; and I awoke from the reverie by Clare saying, "Well, Winny, what do you think of your brother-in-law?" as she turned to her husband with a laugh, adding, "Winny's serious eyes divulge nothing; perhaps, however, *you* can penetrate their meaning, inscrutable though it be."

"Your speech is paradoxical, my dear," replied Mr. Paulet, mildly, "you well know that I am not gifted with much penetration."

This was said with an unpretending and straightforward air; and I felt glad the speaker had not detected the covert sarcasm conveyed by my sister's tone of voice. Yet, wherefore the

sarcasm? Did Clare love him, look up to him, and revere him beyond any other mortal? I felt sure that it would have been impossible for me to have done so, had I been in Clare's place; I felt *sure* of this, though we had stood face to face but for a few passing minutes; but years could not have enabled me to judge otherwise. In Mr. Paulet's countenance there was a want of intellect, depth, and expression—a vacancy, in short, which defies description, but which indefinably and painfully disappointed my previously formed imagination of Clare's husband. The cheerful eye, the gladsome voice, the hearty and courteous bearing, left nothing to be desired in the host, in the brother, in the friend. But he had been Clare's lover, was now her husband: and did she, could *she*, feel for him that engrossing, passionate affection, which I believed alone constituted the perfection of wedded happiness? Strange questions this inner voice always whispered: no marvel that I fell into a reverie, and marked each intonation of my sister's voice. Exhaustion and weariness of the bodily frame seemed but to render more acute the intellectual perceptions which defined individualities; and when we separated for the night, and my sister left me alone in my chamber, her parting look haunted me in the darkness, and vainly I endeavored to fathom its meaning.

"You are so like papa's picture, dear Clare," I ejaculated, as she embraced me; you are so noble-looking and beautiful!"

"She did not smile or blush at the words which so involuntarily fell from my lips, but gravely replied, "And *you*, Winny, are an exact resemblance of the Magdalen, which is an heirloom of the Paulets—a priceless gem. The soul's depths are revealed in the dark, sorrowful eyes." She paused, and fixed a long gaze on me, adding, with a profound sigh, as if in answer to her own thoughts, "But others may not see as I do."

The sullen booming of distant ocean surges, and the wild, wailing winds, lulled me to sleep, the broken slumber of over-exhaustion and excitement; while in my visions, sad, solemn music, sweet, soft, and slow, mingled with the monotonous roar of the waves, and rose and fell on the fitful night-blast.

They all passed in review before me in the silence of midnight—Miss Peveril in her white robes, amid the beautiful flowers, Clare in her queenly beauty and haughty bearing, and Mr. Paulet with his ruddy cheeks, and kindly voice and smile. Not once had my sister alluded to her absent little son. I remembered that now; and the mother's avoidance of allusion to her only child brought forcibly to my recollection her first bitter lamentation after his birth, when she wrote to my dear mother.

But in the morning I would speak of him to Clare; for were we not the daughters of one father? and had not I the right of a sister to feel interested in all that concerned her?

CHAPTER IV.

The ancient dwelling of the Paulets was erected on the site once occupied by a still more ancient building of historic note, dedicated to holy purposes, and portions of which still remained entire.

Surely it is not well for man to pervert to secular uses the relics of aught that bears a prior consecration to the Lord of Hosts; it is not well—it does not often prosper; and the Paulets had not been a favored, or a happy, or a prosperous race since the time when they assisted in the desecration and destruction of the ancient Priory. Still, the place retained its former appellation; still, faint traces of former grandeur were perceptible; but it was not the crumbling walls, or ivy-covered buttresses, or solemn cloisters, and pointed architecture, which impressed the beholder with indefinable interest and melancholy awe; it was not the roofless chapel, where knees once bent in prayer, and the white robed priest swept by, and the chant and requiem arose, where now the lichened stone marks that consecrated and most holy spot where the altar was reared;—it was not this, or any of these things in particular, but it was a dreaminess which hung over all, an indescribable air of antiquity and monastic repose pervading the very atmosphere. The soil around was fat and black, and the turf peculiarly soft and springy to the footfall; the flowers were richer and more luxuriant than elsewhere, and honey-bees hummed and droned amid the sweets. The summer sunshine here assumed a mellower hue, the paddocks were rich, and the orchards prolific, and oceans of dark green foliage waved and whispered in the breeze, whilst at intervals the sullen booming of the ocean waters fell lazily on the ear.

Floods of delicious roses impregnated the air of an old garden, bounded on one side by cloisters, and on the other by the chapel now used by the present occupants of the Priory for daily worship; the overpowering perfume of these dark roses haunted the senses, when absent, with a vague, mysterious influence, such as may be experienced from inhaling the fumes of some decoction tending to produce drowsiness; and when sitting beneath the solemn spreading cedar standing in the middle of this old garden, I never could divest myself of the imaginative impression, that the incense of slumbering ages was once more wafted from silver censers. It was an oral tradition, generally accredited, that this solitary garden had been originally a burial place of the holy fraternity; and the deep banks of yielding moss, arches tastefully festooned by Nature's hand, and broken crosses peering above the mould and turf, seemed to corroborate the belief. I strangely yearned towards this beautiful old garden, and when the organ pealed within the chapel, and the voice of sacred song rose high and clear, I knelt beneath the canopy of heaven, and often pressed a hand on my throbbing heart, to still its beatings. Strange foreshadowing!—mysterious foreboding!—wherefore throbbed life's pulses so violently? and why did I gaze upward through the leaves on that lovely window aloft, as if endeavoring to pierce the richly stained glass, to view the interior and futurity at the same time?

On this first fortnight after my arrival at the Priory I unconsciously linger; as a coward, I shrink from the task I have undertaken, and

though the snow of so many winters has fallen on my head since then, yet time has not deadened remembrance, and memory and pain are linked together. I look back on that fortnight as the prelude to the waking dream of my whole life; hitherto I had slept and dreamt, and suffered the anguish which dreamers endure, when tears bedew the pillow, and the overcharged heart finds relief. My angel mother knew how much I loved her, and I was comforted.

I try to realize my feelings during that brief period, when Clare would come and sit beside me, beneath the venerable tree, and tell me the histories connected with all around. I try to realize the perfect indifference with which I heard *that* name pronounced, associated as it was with so much to interest and command attention; I try in vain, and oftentimes I have withdrawn from this effort to portray the inner life, and for months abstained from the attempt, because, when I begin to leave the calm waters, and listen to the distant roar of overwhelming and tempestuous waves, my heart recoils, and I turn back to the innocent joys and natural sorrows of early life.

My sister's voice was clear and unfaltering, and her eye was cold and steady, as she recounted family details which were all new to me; her countenance never changed, and her beauty almost wearied me with its monotonous splendor, and I often found myself gazing on her, and wondering how she would look, if passion moved her. She told me that her husband's father had built and decorated the costly and exquisite house of prayer which I beheld; impoverished through the imprudence of ancestors, this pious undertaking had completely crippled his means, and Edward Paulet, his only child, had succeeded to the ancient inheritance, bare of worldly glories, but with all his deceased parent's zeal for the preservation and revival of sacred and consecrated things. Clare spoke to me of her husband in a kind, simple manner, openly discussing his disposition and qualities; there was nothing in her mode of speech or the words themselves to be found fault with, and yet I felt uneasy and dissatisfied. It was the same when she alluded to her little son; there was a want of genial warmth, a propriety and lesson-like repetition, which provoked and wearied me.

"You were my age, Clare," I said, regarding her earnestly, "when you were married. You were very young to learn to love."

"Aunt Peveril wished me to marry Edward," she replied calmly, and without raising her eyes to mine; "there is a tale attached to Aunt Peveril's love for my husband, Winny."

On my expressing curiosity to hear it, she continued: "Edward's father was the dear old lady's first and only love, and with romantic devotion she continued to cherish this affection, even when she knew it to be utterly hopeless; and when, in after years, Edward became in part her care, she never rested, till he became my lord and master, and I believe she loves him as if he were her own son."

"He seems so kind and good, Clare," responded I, "that I do not wonder at her partiality, and wishing to seal your happiness."

"Edward has singular extremes in his character," placidly remarked my sister, without noticing my speech; "a profound reverence and zeal for religion, and an enthusiastic addiction to field sports. The first he inherits undoubtedly from his father, fostered by his earliest and chosen friend and compeer, our present chaplain, Mr. Avenel."

"And is Mr. Avenel like Mr. Paulet, Clare?" I inquired with interest, for I had my own day-dreams about the fitness or unfitness of individuals for the pastoral office, and speculations and theories which I had never divulged to mortal concerning the care and cure of souls. I had seen my mother die, and I had heard the clergyman pray beside her; but I dared not speak, save to my God alone, all my conflicting thoughts and doubts on the health of the soul, and immortality. No one I had ever known thought sufficiently about this precious health, nor craved the Physician's care.

In reply to my question, "Is Mr. Avenel like Mr. Paulet?" Clare slowly answered, "There is no resemblance whatever."

Supposing she thought I alluded to personal resemblance, I said quickly, "Oh! I do not mean if they are unlike in figure or face; I never thought of that; that is nothing; but I mean if Mr. Avenel is clever and good, and as zealous for God's glory.

"Mr. Avenel is a plain man, replied Clare, looking at me coldly, "but well fitted for his holy office, as to zeal, ability and virtue. He was a ward of Edward's father; Edward and Mark Avenel were brought up together, and you may imagine the friendship and zeal are strong, which induce Mr. Avenel to become our chaplain and Jocelin's tutor, when he has a fortune which renders him independent."

"Oh! how noble and good he must be," I cried; "that is just what I imagine a priest of the Most High ought to be. And is Mr. Avenel fond of poor little Jocelin?"

"Yes!" was the reply; but Clare moved away, as if the subject was distasteful to her, adding, as she turned round, pointing towards the chapel, "some of the richest decorations there were presented by Mr. Avenel."

I had food for meditation; this holy and excellent man would soon return to the Priory, with his afflicted pupil to whom he was so devoted; and perhaps I might be able to reveal to him some of my inmost thoughts, and find strength and comfort; for the mysteries of being and eternity greatly troubled and perplexed me, and I yearned to lay bare somewhat of my inner life to the inspection of one armed with apostolic authority and apostolic fervency. Yes, the fortnight draws to its close; I know all the inmates of the Priory, and their histories; but I do not know Clare better than I did at first, and yet she has no concealments; her speech is plain, her eye unabashed, her smile brilliant, but cold as snow; and though her demeanor is tranquil and affectionate towards me, there is a barrier betwixt us which I cannot fathom or overstep. She, like me, loved to haunt the old garden, where, it was said, cowled forms were seen to glide, shadowy spectres clothed in white, bearing the cross and crozier, when

the moonbeams fell on the greensward, and the cloisters were buried in deep gloom. She too would gaze upward on the rich stained window, lost in reverie, unmindful of the hours; and beneath the sable roof of boughs, her white draperied, motionless, and beautiful figure seemed in perfect unison with the solemn antique scene, so passionless and meditative her aspect.

She was a most assiduous florist, carefully superintending the cultivation of the loveliest flowers, from the hardy evergreen to the choice and rare exotic; these she daily offered in superb bouquets, for decoration of the holy altar in God's house; and, though gold and Tyrian purple were there, and sculptured marble and paintings, which might have ransomed a prince (so costly and priceless they were), and the carved screen emulated lace-work, and the holy books were clasped with precious stones, yet the beautiful fresh flowers on the magnificent altar were a worthy adornment, a native offering to Him, the King of kings, of the work of his own hands. I asked myself, Did Clare offer them in humble love and self-abasement on his altar? Did she offer them from an overflowing heart, full of gratitude and devotion to him? Was Clare zealous of the glory of his house, and careful of its appointments? I asked myself why I doubted or even questioned this? Why? The inner voice echoed, Why? but gave no satisfactory reply, and I felt angry with myself; but the thought would come, and I had no power to drive it away entirely. The chapel was small, but so far as human means and endeavors went, a fitting sanctuary for praise and prayer, where the mighty Lord was to be in the midst daily, when two or three were gathered together. The services were performed during the chaplain's temporary absence by an aged pastor, who looked forward to death with joy, so much was his heart in heaven. He spoke much of death, and I tried to think of it calmly when I was alone; but it would not do. I shuddered at the idea; and though I could contemplate fanciful images of angel bands roving beside clear rivers in Paradise, and even hear in dreams their rejoicing songs, yet the sickness, and the fluttering breath, and the agony of dissolution, and the coffin, and the worm caused my flesh to creep when I enumerated them. I had clasped my mother's corpse—the damps and clamminess of terrible death had clung to me; I said to myself, "I too must die;" but the inner life rejected the contemplation, and clave to the fair fancies of the happy souls released from pain and trouble. I knelt before the blessed symbol of our redemption; because when I gazed on it through my tears, the fear of death seemed to lose its appalling force, and the terrors of the grave to be almost forgotten. Never before had thoughts of eternity and futurity crowded on me as they did during the first fortnight of my sojourn at the Priory; for never before had I witnessed devotional exercises brought so completely into the daily nature of common life, yet so awfully distinct and reverently apart. No wonder if the question often arose in my mind, if the devotees worshipped with heart, or with lip service. God is amongst them continually, I thought; surely, surely they must ever remember this. And are *you* not one of them, Winny? said the inner voice, and I trembled with dismay at the suggestion. But then, again, I beheld Mr. Paulet rise from his devotions, and sally forth to pass the day in idle, not to say cruel, sports and pastimes, and return perchance in the evening to ask God's blessing on this.

And how are you going to pass your whole life, Winny? said the inner voice. Is the love of the Redeemer to take such entire possession of every faculty, as to supersede all other? I blushed, though alone in my chamber, for the inner voice whispered of a maiden's waking dream, wherein the Creator was well nigh forgotten in adoration of the creature. "I wonder if ever I shall know the meaning of this human love," I ejaculated aloud, "which is strong as death, and boundless as eternity. Of one thing I am sure—I shall never love a mortal thus, unless he loves and fears God." It is impossible to define the workings of this mysterious inner life—its promptings, its questionings, its extraordinary elucidations, and lucid perceptions; impossible to express in mere words its reprovings, its plain speaking, its unblushing confidence, and yet shrinking timidity! Mystery of mysteries—this impalpable being, this spiritual essence, this gossamer texture of thought and feeling, this adamantine chain never broken while reason holds its sway! I presumed not to judge others—I shrank in detestation from so doing; I looked within and hated *self;* but I found no resting-place on earth; there was not a green spot visible over the waste of waters, whereon I might repose in security and trust. Accustomed as I had been to seclusion, and an unvaried routine of existence, I felt some astonishment that the mode of life at the Priory shed a saddened influence over my spirits. Mr. Paulet, pursuing field sports eagerly all day, slept during the evening hours; Clare sat silent and motionless, for she did not like reading, she said, and never worked; and Aunt Monica, busily occupied with her embroidery, warbled softly her multifarious reminiscences, unregarded and unheeded by all. At home, I had always recourse to music, books, and conversation with my mother; here there was no one willing to converse. I did not feel enough at home to take up a book when my sister sat idle beside me, and no one asked me to seek the musical instruments.

Poor Nurse Topham had found a comfortable refuge, and she loudly expatiated to me on Mrs. Allen's kindness, and on the noble, generous master Mr. Paulet was. His praises she never wearied of repeating. But of the chaplain she spoke in a far different manner. Mr. Avenel's name was mentioned with a caution and reverence due to sacred things; she evidently regarded him as a person set apart for the service of God—not to be lightly alluded to.

"Mrs. Allen says, Miss Winny," confidentially whispered nurse, "that Mr. Avenel would be made a saint of, had he lived when the ancient faith was acknowledged; and though he is in the world, he doesn't a bit belong to it; and, as to his learning, Miss Winny, he carries the world's learning in his own wise young head."

"I shall be quite afraid of him, nurse." I remember replying with a smile; for nurse always put on a grave countenance, and rolled her eyes strenuously upwards, whenever she named Mr. Avenel. "I suppose, when he returns, we shall all be kept in good order."

"La! Miss Winny, why, do you know Mrs. Allen says that the place is lost without him, and as dull and stupid as can be," responded nurse eagerly; "for, though Mr. Avenel is so humble and quiet like, and prays and reads, and visits the poor and sick, yet he finds time to make all alive in the drawing-room, and no one is ever dull when he is there! Bless you, why, Mr. Paulet is not himself when the chaplain (whose name he ever mentions with respect) is away, to say nothing of that dear little fellow, Master Jocelin, who only lives, they do say, in the light of his tutor's eyes. La! Miss Winny, I'll be bound you'll soon love the dear saintlike young man; and there is not reason why you shouldn't, seeing that he isn't to be thought of in a human kind of way; for, as Mrs. Allen says, it is pretty well known for a fact, that Mr. Avenel is not a marrying individual at all, having no inclination whatever towards matrimony. His heart is in heaven," added nurse, with a deep sigh, and so comical a look, that my hearty irrepressible laughter amazed her, and she turned an angry glance in my direction, muttering, as she quitted the apartment, "Your dear mamma hasn't been dead long enough for you to laugh like this, Miss Winny, and what you *are* laughing at I don't know; but such laughter bodes no good."

The harsh, dissonant sounds grated on my ears, and smote my heart; and the inner voice re-echoed the words—"Such laughter bodes no good."

CHAPTER V.

EARLY one morning Mr. Paulet brought his little son to me, saying he had just returned home with his tutor, who would not join our circle until the evening meal. Fondly and affectionately the father regarded his deformed child, while the latter kept hold of his hand, and looked up in his face in a way which expressed a full and free return of affection. I was embarrassed, not being accustomed to children, and scarcely knew how to demean myself, or what to say to this unfortunate boy. He was frightfully mis-shapen, yes frightfully so; twisted and marred in all ways; while his head was out of proportion to his small stature, being large, and the forehead high and projecting. There was nothing to redeem a sickly, pallid countenance, save the eyes—eyes the color and shape of his father's; but which in the child wore a totally different aspect, expressing patience, meekness, and depth of intelligence. I stooped forward, offering to kiss him; but Jocelin drew back, saying softly, "Don't kiss me, Aunt Winifred; because you don't like it, and there is no need. I am too ugly to be kissed; but I thank you all the same, and I hope we shall be good friends."

I felt my face flush scarlet, and my eyes fell beneath the truthful, open glance of the little boy's. He had read my inner feelings, for I did conquer a certain repugnance, when I made the attempt at greeting.

"We ought to embrace," I repled, essaying to say something kind; "for you are my darling little nephew; and, if Clare kisses you, why should not I, dear child?"

I really felt what I said now, and tears struggled to ooze forth as I regarded him. Jocelin gazed intently on my face, and this time I met his singularly truthful eyes, as he replied, taking my hand, for he was very manly and well-behaved. "You mean to be kind to me; but mamma does not often kiss me, and she does not like it, when she feels obliged to do so. You see what an ugly fellow I am, different to all others; but, as it is God's good will, Jocelin must not complain."

From that moment I knew that child's clear perception of the truth rendered equivocation vain, though but the venial equivocation of desiring to spare his sensitive feelings; for he was sensitive and delicate to the last degree, therefore his candor was the more touching. I read in his serious eye the pages of an inner life like unto my own, though traced in different characters; and I saw at a glance, when Clare approached, that the poor deformed boy was perfectly aware of her rooted aversion, strive to conceal it as she would. One other besides myself saw this too; but Mr. Paulet, fortunately for his own peace of mind, entertained not the slightest suspicion of the unnatural fact—of a mother's loathing towards her offspring. One eagle glance intuitively let me into possession of my sister's secret; our glances met, and a withering look of disappointment and disgust gradually faded away from her usually impassable countenance, as with a mighty effort, almost choked by subdued emotion, she addressed a commonplace to her husband, and a cheerful word to her little son. What particularly struck me in the child, was the intent manner in which he regarded his mother, when in her presence; speaking little, but following her words and motions with grave attention. Her clear, cold blue eyes always fell beneath his, and she never appeared at ease until the time of dismissal arrived, when I have heard her heave a sigh from the depths of her heart, as if a load of misery was removed from her contemplation. He was not a winning child, in the usual acceptation of the term, being too old in his ways, too serious and thoughtful, even could his repulsive appearance have been obliterated from remembrance; which was impossible.

I linger, as the hours of that day on which Mr. Paulet first brought little Jocelin to me advance—I linger, and count them over, and remember my most trivial acts. An hour in the old garden in the afternoon, when the sun waned towards the west, was the most peaceful hour I had ever experienced; I can recall it now vividly, and how I gazed up into the cedar canopy, almost wishing for a heavy shower, the shelter was so delicious and compact. I was a child again, for the keen fresh air made my blood circulate quickly; and it was delightful to bound so freely and unobserved over the shaven turf. Not once during these hours did it occur to my memory that Mr.

Avenel was to join our domestic circle in the evening. I never once thought of him, or anticipated pleasure in an introduction to one so good and clever. This was strange. I have often thought so since. How calm those last hours appear before some great and unexpected event changes the whole current of existence We look back upon them with regret, and wish we had had some faint warning of what was coming; we might have done differently, or have been better prepared! Futile speculations—futile as the impotent endeavor to check painful retrospection when thoughts wander to bygones!

I had entered the apartment where the family were assembled, but partially lit as twilight faded. My entrance was unnoticed, and my steps were suddenly arrested by the tones of an unknown voice, which thrilled and enchained me. Where had I heard it before? Concealed among the bowering exotics, I regarded the speaker, whose back was towards me as he addressed his conversation to Clare, whose bearing was more cold and stately than usual. Mr. Paulet seemed an interested listener, smiling his approbation, and nodding occasionally to Aunt Peveril, who was trying to finish a task of embroidery in a given time, and who only looked up now and then. I see the group before me now! The speaker was slightly formed, to attenuation, and of middling stature; but the voice was music —yes, music without singing: a voice which would haunt the dreams of the dying, so sweet, and sad, and feeling; yet manly and sonorous withal. I *had* heard it in my dreams, I have never doubted that! He turned, and I saw a pale and careworn face, which in repose became stern to severity; the stamp of mighty intellect and power of mind was impressed on the noble brow in unmistakable characters, and the searching penetrative dark eyes beamed with a light of purity and holiness, that shed a perfect halo on the countenance which otherwise might have presented a forbidding aspect. He spoke with correctness, and presently turned to Mr. Paulet with a smile. I started involuntarily. Could a smile thus change a human countenance? The traces of premature age vanished, and youthful gaiety alone remained, which, added to extreme elegance and grace of deportment, fascinated and rivetted all my faculties. My heart throbbed so violently, that I feared it would be *heard*, for I had seen the stranger *before!* Where, I knew not. I heard him addressed as Mr. Avenel, and I felt my fate was fulfilled. Shocked at myself, and at my own inexplicable and overwhelming conviction, I fled from the room, unobserved as I had entered, and shutting to the door of my chamber, I knelt down and prayed to Him who heareth prayer. I prayed to be delivered from these presentiments, and shudderingly accused myself of indelicacy; but it would not do, for the inner voice whispered: "This is the being, Winny, you are predestined to love." But, as I communed and petitioned, a deep calm fell on my spirit, the heart throbbings ceased, and I felt resolute and brave to conquer all display of emotion. With a self-possession that was astounding to myself, I descended once more to the drawing-room, went through the ceremony of introduction to Mr. Avenel, and passed an evening in his society that appeared but a moment, so quickly time flew. I do not know what the charm was — it was indefinable — it was, perhaps, the charm of holiness and purity, refinement and accomplishment, combined with the finest taste and fascination of expression, humble and unpresuming withal. It was utterly impossible to forget, for one moment, the sacred calling of the young man; it was blended with his being, and the attributes were worthy. I shrank from him with a keen sense of my utter unworthiness to be his companion; for, could he read my inner life, how would he turn from me with disgust! There was a reserve in his demeanor to ladies, which, though not wanting in courtesy and attention, appeared to be the result of studied determination to have as little to say to them as possible; as if he knew he was treading on dangerous ground, when fair penitents surrounded him. To think of Mark Avenel as a lover, seemed like profanation. I had but one wish — one prayer — that I might be enabled to combat with and overcome the feelings which had taken such hold of me, or in the inmost depths of my own soul to conceal them from human ken.

My sister's reserve and coldness of manner visibly increased in Mr. Avenel's presence, and to him she seldom addressed herself, though I saw she listened to every word that fell from his lips with profound attention. I look back, and would fain divide day from day, and paint the minute circumstances of each, as they present themselves to my mind's eye. Clare's habitual reserve, her efforts to appear a fond mother; Miss Peveril's warbling, like some white-plumaged caged bird, the burden of the song ever being — "my Edward and my Clare;" Mr. Paulet's opposite characteristics so oddly united; little Jocelin's truthful ways and repellant physical formation; and Mr. Avenel's spiritual care hovering over all, shedding light and cheerfulness: — all this I would paint, as I remember individualities and trivial landmarks, but that I must hasten on, nor dwell too long on those days of enchantment, which to look back on (strange contradiction!) seem but as one condensed moment of happiness. At first, I only met Mark Avenel at the social evening meal, and heard him and beheld him in his high ministerial office. Oh! how his superiority to all others humbled and abashed me then! After a while, he sought me of his own accord in the old garden; and, with solemn impressiveness, spoke a few earnest words, which he said were drawn from him by a remark I had inadvertently made the previous evening. It was on a vital topic; and thus encouraged, I ventured to lay bare, from time to time, portions of that inner life which he better understood than I had deemed it possible for any mortal to do. I regarded that garden as my confessional, and the priest of God as armed with authority to exhort, explain, or reprove; and though I believed that he must be shocked and repelled by my confessions, yet I never hesitated to adhere to the most child-like candor; for the same strange impression haunted me again, which had made me fear to dissemble in my childish days — the impression that the all-

seeing Eye was piercing me through, even as a "two-edged sword." Falsehood was impossible: I dared not dissemble. And so it was that Mark Avenel learned more of my inner life than I had designed or desired. The vestal purity of his spotless and holy mind was so transcendent, that, as passion inthralled me, so did I tremble with terror lest he should discern it, and turn away from this friendly intercourse. But when gradually — gradually and slowly, as a distant strain of heavenly dulcet music gently floats onward in a night-dream — the dawning consciousness that he regarded me with a warmer interest than that he felt for others broke on my enraptured senses, it was with awe and apprehension I admitted the sweet knowledge, dismayed at my own unworthiness and presumption. It was in his eye, in the tone of his voice, I read interest and kindliness towards me; and then I began by degrees to read another deeper language — a language which caused me to avoid the beloved of my soul; for I was not lightly to be won, even by him. Gradually, gradually, slowly, the development of passion progressed; for other interests absorbed him meanwhile: he was not like me; I saw him only on earth. His pupil Jocelin — the afflicted child of his love and pity — had drooped and withered of late, and Mr. Paulet's restless anxiety ever turned to his early friend for comfort and support. Mr. Avenel, from the commencement, had but little hope of the child's ultimate recovery, though the lingering might be procrastinated for an indefinite period. He endeavored strenuously to prepare the father for this blow, and besought strength where alone it is to be found.

It might have struck a far less interested observer than myself, how silent Mr. Avenel was on this topic to my sister, though she evinced outwardly from time to time, a considerable show of anxiety for her little son's welfare. He spoke to her, indeed, openly and becomingly, of her child's precarious condition; but full well I knew, that Clare would not deplore the loss as a mother usually sorrows for an only one. Yet, I saw how she strove to appear grieved in Mr. Avenel's presence, when the poor boy was spoken of, how futile the attempt to deceive *him*, the gentle, yet keen reader of the human heart— and how earnestly she endeavored to do so. I did not comprehend Clare, and often wished that I could obtain a glimpse of her inner life. Was she totally devoid of sensibility? or was she a consummate actress, and skilful at concealment of every species of emotion? There was a difference in Mr. Avenel's deportment when he addressed me, which I was quite at a loss to know if Clare noticed. So overwhelming was the secret consciousness at my heart of his increasing love, that it seemed as if such unutterable felicity was too much for realization on earth. What had I done to deserve it? With jealous care I guarded my secret from all eyes; and as his attention and tenderness became daily more developed, so did my maiden reserve increase. And this reserve was not assumed; for I blushed and trembled, when alone, on reviewing my conduct, lest at any time I had been too bold in giving encouragement to the being whom I loved, with a strength and depth of love and reverence, that made me tremble at its excess.

Moreover, as I gradually became more assured of the strength and intensity of his passion for me (which he had resisted unsuccessfully), such is the contradiction of woman's nature, or more properly, I might say, her shrinking delicacy, that I determined he should woo me as a mere mortal suitor—woo me and win me with infinite trouble! He waited, I knew, ere he spoke the irrevocable words, to study my character more minutely and attentively; he waited, because he would not be engrossed with his own happiness, whilst Mr. Paulet, his early friend, was troubled and bowed down with affliction; he waited, because our unspoken love was so entrancing, so inexpressibly inthralling and sweet, that it was almost like dispelling the illusion of some beatific vision, to break the silence and the spell. So whispered my heart—the heart so prone to deceit and vain imaginations. From whence comes the intelligence of impending calamity, which in silence and in secret whispers dread tidings, by the domestic hearth-stone, in the bosom of the family, and the calm routine of domestic life—that mysterious intelligence which awakens the vivid perceptions of, perhaps, slumbering inner life to a sense of undefined coming horror—a creeping, as it were, of some deadly shadow nearer and nearer, circling round the habitation, or hovering above it.

It was a chill autumnal evening, and a fire had been lit in the usual sitting room, which would not burn clearly or pleasantly, despite coaxing and replenishing. We gathered round it, however, after vespers, and Miss Peveril for once threw aside her embroidery, and gave undivided attention to Mr. Paulet, bestowing upon him every epithet that affection could suggest, and a continuous stream of soft and warbling conversation, if conversation it may be called, where short answers were but seldom returned.

"You are out of spirits to-night, my Edward," said the old lady. "You look pale and tired; you haven't had good sport to-day. Well, never mind, my dear, you'll have better to-morrow. I do hope, however, that new gun of yours is safe; we sometimes hear of unpleasant accidents from fire-arms. Ay, ay, you may smile, my darling, but I have no love for the dangerous weapons. I think the bow and arrow a far more elegant mode of destruction. To be sure, an arrow may pierce a vital part as well as a leaden ball, but then it makes no noise, and is far more suitable to the greenwood shades. How charming you would look, my Edward attired in Lincoln green, with your merry men all around you, sounding a bugle horn, and gathering round the fallen deer. Ay, ay, you may smile; but such things were in these woods once upon a time, doubtless, though I doubt not, my dear, you find it very delightful to bring down the birds on the wing; and it is expert, there is no gainsaying that, and a healthful recreation—a very healthful recreation, that scrambling over ploughed fields, and through copse and brake, to war with the feathered tribe, and bring the trophies home. How many brace? Dear me! you don't say so but you look pale, my Edward, and jaded, and

in short, my dear, not yourself at all. What is it, dear love, that makes you so silent and serious? Well, I'm glad it's only my fancy, then; but I don't know how it is—I feel very low and nervous myself to-night. Ah, Mr. Avenel, you're laughing, but I am *very* low and *very* nervous, I do assure you; and if it wasn't for your charming laugh, I declare I should go to bed at once. I always said your presence enlivens us all like music, Mr. Avenel, and I'm sure they're very much obliged to me for making you laugh so often. But listen to the wind, how it's howling round the corners and crannies; and whist! we can almost fancy the roar of ocean surges between the pauses of the blast. I remember, when I was a girl, hearing a tradition of former times about this very Priory, when it was inhabited by holy recluses. The legend said, that when any of the brethren were about to depart, on the evening preceding dissolution, the tempestuous winds stormed and raved just as they are doing this evening. These traditions are often based on truth, though gaining much by oral communication. For my part, I do not forget that on the spot where we are assembled devout men were wont to congregate for religious purposes, and that the place is sanctified through its former use."

"And have you no doubts, dear Aunt Monica," gently and gravely interrupted Mr. Paulet, "that it is wrong to appropriate to secular purposes those places or things once held sacred to the Lord, and consecrated to him? Do you never feel qualms and misgivings when you remember what the Priory *once* was, and what it is *now*? Have *we* not assisted in its desecration?"

Miss Peveril was preparing to reply, and evidently bent on a lengthened discussion, when Mark Avenel, whispering a few words, which I could not catch, in Mr. Paulet's ear, the latter, turning to me, exclaimed, "There is time for all things. Now is the time for unbending. Come, Winny Wardour, play for us an inspiriting air, such a one as I love—a hunting song of Germany! Come, Winny."

I sat down to the piano. I tried to fashion the air he desired, but it would not do—my fingers refused their office; nor could I strike the chords in time or tune, and discord only was produced.

"Why, Winny, what ails you to-night?" said Mr. Paulet. "Give it with spirit, my dear girl, or not at all."

"I cannot always command the keys," I responded, half vexed and ashamed; "let me try some slower movement," and gradually I diverged into a requiem. I could not help it; some invisible hand seemed to guide mine. My mother had loved this solemn dirge; and sitting apart from the rest among the flowers, near a window from which I could see the stars, I became enrapt in the music, and lost in a dream of fairer worlds. There was a long silence. How long I dreamt I never knew; but I awoke to the consciousness of Mark Avenel being at my side. I felt his dark eyes were on me, and I heard a low thrilling word of thanks, when Clare placed her hand on my shoulder, intimating that Miss Peveril was about to retire, and wished to say good-night. I looked up into my sister's face; it was white and rigid, but a singular momentary expression in the blue, clear eyes made me recoil. It passed away like a lightning flash; but I *had* seen it, and it awed me. What did it mean? What did it portend?

"Are you angry with me, Clare?" involuntarily broke from my lips?"

"Angry! she exclaimed in surprise—angry! Why, dear Winny, you have indeed been dreaming for the last half hour. Come—come and say good-night to Aunt Monica; she doesn't like to be kept waiting."

So saying, Clare took my arm, and led me away. Mr. Avenel had left the apartment, and Miss Peveril was engaged in embracing Mr. Paulet, who good-humoredly submitted to the ceremonial. Her adieus to me were so slight, that much I marvelled why the old lady had inquired for me at all, but I said nothing.

"Winny Wardour, you may sit for my Magdalen to-night," exclaimed Mr. Paulet, shaking hands as we parted. "Is not the resemblance striking, Clare?"

But Clare was silent, and occupied with her aunt. Mr. Paulet retained my hand, and with the other raised the braids on my brow, smoothing them caressingly. His action was so brotherly and kind, that I felt quite touched by his gentle fondling, and remember saying, "Dear brother Edward."

"He replied in a strain of unusual softness for him, "Poor Winny, we must make much of you;" and so we parted, never to meet again in life.

When I next beheld him, he was a heap of clay—the spirit had left its tenement for ever! Oh, that night—that dismal night of impending and unspeakable horror! Through the hours of darkness I listened to the wailing and howling of the wind, and to the unearthly roaring which ever at intervals was borne forward swiftly on the furious blast. I fancied, with creeping sensations of awe and dread, that dark angels were passing swiftly over the habitation, and casting their gaze downwards to note the doomed. *Their* gaze could penetrate the thick stone walls; and who had they singled out? Even the angels were dark that night; not in white shining raiment, as I had been used to picture them in my infancy, but dark and shadowy—impalpable mysterious forms. Whence came this intelligence and foreboding? My reason defined it; but the inner voice trembled when it tried to breathe denial, as if convicted of falsehood or equivocation. I yearned, with strange wild yearning, to be out on the sea-shore that night, alone with God, to hear his voice, and prostrate myself in the dust; dust and ashes, sin and corruption—the groundworm beneath the Star of glory!

At dawn of day, Mr. Paulet left the Priory with his retainers, to join a party of sportsmen at the appointed rendezvous. After pursuing their sport with avidity and enthusiasm for some time, the fatal accident occurred which suddenly put so awful a check on each individual's proceeding—all feeling it keenly, and with brotherly sympathy. Mr. Paulet's gun exploded, and the contents lodged in his body. He was brought back to the Priory at noon-day, alas, in how dif-

ferent a condition from that in which he had departed! Mr. Avenel had been apprised of the dreadful catastrophe, ere his friend, in a dying state, re-appeared, pale and speechless. He flew to his side, commanded his own agonized apprehensions, gave all necessary injunctions with calmness and propriety; and though his compressed lips, contracted brow, and face as livid as that of the sufferer himself, gave outward tokens of the inward anguish Mark Avenel endured, yet no betrayal of weakness or irresolution evinced that in this dread extremity he was unequal to the heavy task that had fallen upon him. Mark Avenel had to apprize the wife, the doating aunt, the household, of the terrible blow. I was absent in the grounds; nor could they succeed in finding me, until the first period of horror had gone by. I beheld a domestic approaching with rapid steps; he looked wild and scared, and said that my instant return to the Priory was required, as Mr. Paulet was brought home ill. I asked no question, but flew through the woods and shrubberies with indefinable terrors gathering round my heart. I dared ask nothing; I feared the answer might paralyze my footsteps, and prevent me from reaching Clare. All was confusion and dismay. I remember bounding to my sister's room—it was vacant; but in the corridor leading to the principal chambers I encountered a medical attendant. He pointed to a door—but I must not go in. Clare was there, and Mr. Avenel was there, and necessary assistants.

"What is it?" I demanded,

The kind gentleman took my hand, and led me away beside poor old Miss Peveril, who, stretched on a couch, lay moaning and immovable, as if the shock had struck her down to rigidity. Little Jocelin sat beside her, meek and silent, looking intently at us all by turns.

"How is papa?" he inquired of the doctor.

"He is no better, my dear boy," replied the worthy man, shaking his head with serious impressiveness; "and you, my dear young lady," turning to me, "can be of real use here, in tending this poor lady, and comforting Mr. Paulet's afflicted child."

"But, Dr. M——," I responded, "what has happened?—what is the matter? Is my brother-in-law hurt?"

"He has met with a most serious accident; nay, I fear, I must add, a fatal one," (here he lowered his voice to me)—"and I fear his hours are numbered, and that, ere midnight, he will cease to live. Mr. Avenel is beside him; he recognizes that excellent friend."

"And my poor sister," I cried, weeping bitterly, "may I not see her? How does she bear up?"

"Nobly, nobly," answered the doctor—"wonderfully. She has not left the room for a moment; and, when she does, I will send for you to come to her."

So saying, he hurried back, and I remained alone with the stricken old woman and young child. In vain I essayed to comfort them, for no words could I speak; and though I felt agitated and shocked at what had occurred, yet the grief which I imagined it would only have been seemly for me to have been bowed down with, gave place to a sustained calmness which cost me no great effort, and the inner whispering voice upbraided me with want of feeling. Had I really a callous heart? Could I contemplate human suffering without sympathizing pangs? A sensation of shame crept over me, that I did not sorrow more; the dying man had been uniformly kind and generous—we should all miss him when his place was empty; and yet I was able to reason and think. Did my comparative stoicism arise from a pre-occupied mind, filled entirely with one engrossing image? And if so, was not my love for Mark Avenel rendering me selfish—a characteristic which he would contemplate with abhorrence? I remembered Mark Avenel's strong attachment to Mr. Paulet; and the knowledge of what his present grief must be far outweighed my own. The eyes of poor little Jocelin were continually fixed upon me, and I colored deeply, as if convicted of hypocrisy, when he innocently said, "God best knows who sorrows most for dear papa; I think *I* know: but not well."

"What do you mean, dear?" replied I, glad to hear his gentle voice, for Miss Peveril did nothing but moan, and repulsed me with her hand when I approached her—"what do you mean? Do you not think we *all* sorrow for your dear papa? but your mother is most to be felt for, Jocelin; *her* sorrows are the keenest surely. Is that what you mean?"

"No, Aunt Winifred; that is not what I mean," responded the boy, his eyes bent on mine with a singular intelligence; "but God knows the heart, and he knows best. I am, oh, so thankful that Mr. Avenel is with my papa; are not you, Aunt Winny?"

"Yes, indeed, I am, Jocelin," I answered, angry with myself for blushing at the simple question. But the very mention of that name caused my heart to throb, and there was more in the child's manner and tone than the mere question conveyed. He relapsed into his usual silence, and with patient meekness continued to sit beside the couch whereon Miss Peveril reclined; whilst I continued watching every footstep, and listening to the slightest sound, in the impotent hope of gaining some tidings from the sick chamber.

At length the hasty summons came—I might fly to my sister, she was alone. I did not see her face; she was kneeling, and her arms were flung forward on the cushions, as she buried her face between them. She moved not, scarcely seemed to breathe; and so remained in this attitude for hours. I feared to disturb her, but I kept hold of her hands and whispered, that 'Winny was beside her.' No pressure marked her sense of my presence, but still and quiet she knelt, hiding her face from observation and light. Towards evening (we two were still alone, and thus—wearily and heavily the dismal hours had dragged on) Mr. Avenel entered the apartment, after slightly knocking at the entrance, and asking permission to do so; which I accorded. He did not even look at me. Never shall I forget the awful gravity of his eyes, and the pallor of his face. He went directly towards Clare, and stooping down, spoke a few words in her ear. She in-

stantly arose, shading her eyes with one hand, so that I could not discern if she had been weeping; with the other she took my arm, and we followed Mr. Avenel to the door of the room where the dying man lay. Here Clare motioned me away, and they both entered. How long I stood by that door I know not, for my feet seemed rooted to the spot. The doctor came out long after, and started on seeing me; but I suppose he kindly supported me to the usual sitting-room, for it was there I first heard the confirmation of our worst fears that Mr. Paulet was no more. What a miserable and useless creature I felt myself. Clare refused to admit me or any living creature that fearful night. Mrs. Allen tended poor Miss Peveril, and Mr. Avenel, the doctor said, was with little Jocelin, whose silent grief alarmed them more than any demonstration would have done.

I was left alone in the house of death; I envied the afflicted child, and for a moment quite detested him. Did Mr. Avenel think I was so callous a being, that not one word of consolation was vouchsafed? But perhaps he imagined (and most natural was the supposition) that I had been admitted to share my sister's wo, and he would not disturb her sacred lamentations. How quiet and hushed the night set in; so different from the foregoing! The storms had passed away, and the round moon sailed majestically through a cloudless sky, and I pictured to myself the upturned face of the dead, bathed in the silver radiance. Beyond that sky, beyond that moon, my thoughts travelled: on many dead men's faces over the earth that moon looked down, and all had left *some* to mourn for them. but where had the released spirits fled? Had they all met together in the unknown worlds beyond the skies? Was none of the number missing or lost? Had they all soared away to the blissful light of eternity? and had not one passed into that darkness more dreadful than that of the grave! Oh, thought of despair and horror—one lost soul! The tenantless clay wept over—tenderly watched—followed—and deposited, while the soul which animated it, beyond control or knowledge, had entered on immensity and eternity.

I did not weep for Mr. Paulet; I only saw his dead face in the moonlight all that night, and my blood curdled with images of desolation and unutterable wo, akin to the workings of delirium. I yearned to see Mr. Avenel—to say but the words, to ask but the awful question—"His soul—his soul—where think you it has flown?" But with the morning light more composed and regulated feelings resumed their sway, and floods of genial tears enabled me to seek the footstool of the heavenly Grace, and there petition for mercy and strength.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

OR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

By Alexander Andrews.

If it were possible for us to retrace but three steps down the ladder of time, we should alight into a world which we should not recognize as our own,—as rich in curiosities as the buried cities of Italy,—and of which, in the course of another generation, we shall know as little about the domestic customs as we do about the every-day life of Etruria. So rapidly do the manners of a nation change. Time leads men into different paths from those in which their grandfathers trod; and the period of a century frequently makes the generations which it separates as different people from each other, as a rolling ocean or leagues of desert country,—different in their tastes,—different in their ideas,—different in their employments,—different in their inclinations, as well as in their dress and customs.

England in the present century, no more resembles England in the last, than the native inhabitants of Australia resemble those of Africa; and the progress which science has made, in the invention of gas, and the various applications of steam and electricity, have not only altered the aspects of our streets and the face of our country. but have altered the life, public and private, of ourselves. England may almost be said to have been in a transition state during the last century. Arousing, after the revival of letters, when the religious bigotry which had held her in chains was conquered, and people began to interchange and compare ideas through the extension of the press, she languidly shook off her fetters and began the work of improvement; but her plans were not yet properly matured, and her social arrangements appear at times strange and eccentric. Out of them our own customs have grown, but they are so changed as to preserve little or no likeness of the originals. Our *criminal code* might be the code of a different country, for all the resemblance it bears to that of 1720; our *modes of travelling* are as much like those which our grandsires pursued, as a locomotive is like a pack-horse; our *newspapers*, how different from the diminutive sheets of the last century! our trim *policemen*, how little he resembles the aged sentinel who woke our grandfathers up every hour in the night, to tell them what o'clock it was! our well-kept *roads*, how improved upon the old roads, abounding in holes and ruts! our *cities*, a blaze of light at night, seem to throw the subject of street appearances a hundred years ago into a deeper darkness. Would it, then, be an unprofitable task to inquire into the state in which generations, removed

from us only by one or two, existed, and to preserve some memorials of their domestic habits and customs,—to collect, in illustration of the history of public affairs, facts connected with every-day life, and to place and arrange them in our museum? We think not. We may alternately have cause for congratulation or for regret, as we see the changes which time has effected; if the former, it should make us more contented with our condition; if the latter, it will open our eyes to the means of improving it.

Why should we allow this particular century to roll away into the ocean of history, without analyzing each drop of which it was composed? There is yet a chance of ascertaining how the people who then existed passed their time,—how they travelled,—how they dressed,—what they did, said, and thought; and shall we reject this information, and slight the subject, because it can boast no high antiquity?

Our museum will, we think, contain some curious specimens; and we will do our best to label and describe them,—putting, as it were, the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY carefully away in our cabinet for more able philosophers than ourselves to moralize upon. Such sketches as may be offered of the men and women of the time will be drawn by themselves; the descriptions of their ways of living taken from the books in which they have related them,—genuine, authentic, and contemporary; and no assertion will be made but upon the best authority.

Of such materials, then, our museum will be composed. We throw it open, and invite those who are curious about the life their fathers led before them, to come and see. It is but patch-work, but it is the panorama of a hundred years ago,—a view no longer obscured by the fogs and mists of time, for the leading features may be discerned and brought back to the eye.

We have swept the dust from our specimens,—come and look at them.

FASHIONABLE LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE follies of fashion have always been considered legitimate marks for the satirist and the playwright to aim their shafts at, which have frequently done more execution among these flimsy trappings of civilization than the heavy artillery discharged against them by the philosopher or the divine. Addison, and the other essayists, and Fielding, and his brother-novelists, knew how to expose the trumpery in the light in which its transparency was the most obvious, and yet Fashion, poor silly thing! remained true to its principles, at the sacrifice of its reputation. The works of these keen and clever observers were no sooner sought after from their intrinsic value, than she, poor suicide, true to her governing rule of following in the steps of the wealthy and the most shining characters, put her stamp upon the very publications which laughed her to scorn; purchased the ink that poisoned the feathered dart with which they pierced her; in fact, signed the bill of indictment which they had prepared against her. No publications of their time it was more "fashionable" to read and speak of, than "The Tattler," "The Spectator," and "The Guardian;" yet what were the avowed purposes with which they were written? "To correct," says the opening address of "The Tattler," "the follies, foibles, and fashions of the time."

But it is always so. Every sly inuendo to which we may be equally open, we consider is levelled at our neighbor, and laugh him to scorn; not thinking, or not knowing, we are enjoying a good joke upon ourselves. And thus the world of fashion cried — "Good! good!" to the very figure which it saw but did not recognize in the looking-glass which the essayists and satirists held up to it.

Several of these features of the fashionable world of the last century were so prominent as to demand a separate chapter to themselves; but we may take a general glance at the prevailing tastes and occupations of the "ton," the "beau monde," the "quality," the "town," or whatever other distinctive appellation it may have gone by.

In the last century, the fashionable world resided much nearer to the smoke of London than would be now considered beneficial to the complexions of a generation which has grown more sparing of the use of paint and cosmetics. The fashionable world disdained not Holborn, and was very aristocratic in Bloomsbury; Bedford-row, Blocmsbury-square, Brunswick-square, Mecklenburg-square, with the streets thereunto appertaining, were its habitations early in the century; then, defying even highwaymen and burglars in its anxiety to escape the threatened invasion of the "merchant princes" from their mansions in Broad-street, Billiter-square, Goodman's-fields, and Bishopsgate, it pushed as far as Hanover-square, Gower-street, and Great Coram-street; thence it dispersed, as the city carrion trod upon its toes, into Piccadilly and Pall-mall. *Now* it has gone mad; and the impertinence of citizens and traders, who attempted to intrude within its sacred precints, has forced it to emigrate to the formerly unheard-of regions of Shepherd's Bush, Notting-hill, or Pimlico.

The rents at the West-end of the town appear to have been very moderate in Swift's time; the expense of the journey to and fro was sufficient to exclude the city man of busi-

ness *then*. Under date "Sept. 21st, 1710," the Dean informs Stella that he has taken lodgings in Bury-street, "the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week." This, too, he calls "plaguy dear," and thinks "it will be expensive." In 1733, Alderman Barber (then Lord Mayor), complains to him of his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, giving "the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings," when, if he had lived in the city, he might have got them for ten or twelve. (*Apropos* of rooms and lodgings: the art of paper-hanging was, at this time, seldom called into use. As late as June 27th, 1752; Fielding, in his Covent-Garden Journal," says: "Our printed-paper is scarcely distinguishable from the finest silk; and there is scarcely a modern house which hath not *one or more rooms lined with this furniture*." Previously to this time, the better sort of rooms had continued to be hung with tapestry.)

London was then only winter-quarters; and, at the time of which we were speaking, when it went out of town (which it did in May, and returned in October), the fashionable world at first resorted to Islington, "to drink the waters," to Hampstead, or to Chelsea. Swift, in his "Journal de Stella," repeatedly alludes to "Addison's country-house at Chelsea;" and, on taking lodgings there himself, talks of the beautiful scent of the new-made hay around, and says he gets quite sun-burnt in his journeys to and fro; and whenever he stays late in London, he congratulates himself on having no money, so that he cannot be robbed on his way home. That this was no burlesque, the following confirmatory extracts will show: —

"Many persons arrived in town, from their country-houses in Marybone.—*Daily Journal*, *Oct.* 15, 1728.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole comes to town, this day, from Chelsea." — *Ibid.*

But even at this distance, Trade hotly pressed again, and Fashion fled in dismay to Tonbridge Wells, Scarborough, Broadstairs, or Bath ("*the* Bath," as it was then styled). How it has left these, and sought refuge, by turns, at Dover, Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Cheltenham, Leamington, Buxton, etc., is within our own memories; in despair, a discomfited fragment of it actually secreted itself at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and thence fled to Weston-super-Mare, but were, we believe, lost in the desert, or starved for want of supplies, and devoured by the hungry aborigines; while others, following the example of the Queen, place time and distance as barriers against the pursuit of Trade, and escape him by getting to the Isle of Wight or the Highlands, where the London tradesman cannot get a day-ticket to enable him to intrude upon them. Paris, Brussels, even the Rhine, are no longer sacred to them; Baden-Baden, Rome, Florence — in none are they secure. What will be the result of this cruel persecution, we know not; but may expect the fashionable world will have to take refuge in the Arctic Regions, where it will certainly be *ice-elated* enough, and whence it can send its fashions in "furs and other novelties of the winter season," by the returning whale-ships.

But to return to the period when the world of fashion lived in Holborn, and went to Islington and Lambeth Wells to drink the waters. We do not often meet with it taking a carriage-airing in the Parks, or lounging in Kensington Gardens to hear the band; but its occupations were equally insipid. An old writer (Mackay, in his "Journey through England"), in 1724, describes its proceedings thus: — "The street called Pall-mall is the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the king's palace, the park, the parliament-house, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee houses, where the best company frequent. We rise by time; and those that frequent great men's levees, find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve, the *beau monde* assembles in several chocolate and coffee houses, the best of which are the Cocoa-Tree and White's Chocolate houses, the Saint-James's, the Smyrna, and the British Coffee houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company in them all. We are carried to these places in chairs. If it be fine weather, we take a turn in the Park till two; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at piquet or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna or Saint-James's. At two we generally go to dinner, and in the evening to the playhouse. After the play, the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's Coffee houses, near adjoining, where there is playing at piquet and the best of conversation till midnight. Here you will see blue-and-green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly with private gentlemen, and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home; or, if you like rather the company of the ladies, there are assemblies at most people of quality's houses."

Besides these resorts, another favorite lounge for fashionables of both sexes was the Auction Rooms, at which articles of *vertu*, and nick-nackery of all sorts, were sold; and among the evening entertainments, Fielding enumerates "plays, operas, and oratorios, masquerades and ridottos, assemblies, drums, routs, riots, and hurricanes." At the last six of this list, card-playing, and in fact gambling, were carried on to a terrible extent; and the four first, especially masquerades, lent a cloak to intrigue and debauchery, and proved the ruin of many of their female devotees.

Occasionally offensive as Fielding's works undeniably are, there is no writer of his time who approaches him for a faithful portraiture of men and manners. In "Joseph Andrews" he has handed down to us the journal of a man of fashion, of a period nearly twenty years later than Mackay's account, which we may quote as the picture, not the caricature, of a day's existence such as a "gentleman of quality" labored through in the year of grace 1740:

"In the morning I rose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers, and sauntered about till ten. Went to the Auction; told Lady B. she had a dirty face—laughed heartily at something Captain G. said (I can't remember what, for *I did not very well hear it*)—whispered Lord ——, bowed to the Duke of ——, and was going to bid for a snuff-box but did not, *for fear I should have had it.*

From 2 to 4—dressed myself.
" 4 to 6—dined.
" 6 to 8—Coffee-house.
" 8 to 9—Drury-lane Playhouse.
" 10 to 12—Drawing-room."

This may be presumed to have been the routine in the highest grade of the fashionable world; but our man of quality forfeited its esteem by refusing to fight a duel with an officer of whom he knew nothing, and he accordingly found himself slighted, "Not-at-homed," cut, and finally sent to Coventry by his acquaintance. Fallen from his sphere, he was content to join stars of less magnitude than his old associates, and now allied himself with a lower rank of fashionables—the beaux and loungers of the Temple, which comprised the several classes known as "Bloods," "Bucks," "Macaronies," "Biters," and "Pretty Fellows" generally. The favorite haunts of these worthies appear to have been in the neighborhood of Covent Garden, where they "made love to orange-wenches and damned plays." But, as we shall, perhaps, examine this tribe more particularly in another place, we may take leave of the portrait which Fielding has drawn us of the man of fashion, merely adding, that after duly acquitting himself in that character, as a seducer, gambler, and debauchee of no scruples, he became surfeited with the amusements and follies of the town, and retired, a reformed and domestic man, into obscurity and a quiet country life.

Fielding, it will be seen, fixes the fashionable hour for dinner at four, but Mackay, twenty years previously, has it at two o'clock; and this is confirmed by Swift, who, we find, in his "Journal," often speaks of dining at the nobility's houses, and getting home at five, six, and seven; and, in one place, mentions dining at Secretary St. John's (Bolingbroke's) at three, and at Mr. Harley's (lord treasurer) at four. We may assume, then, that in Queen Anne's reign, the "state" dinner-hour was no later than four, and often three o'clock. The etiquette of the dinner-table is thus partially explained in Fielding's "Essay on Conversation;"—"When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have taken their places, *the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room.*" etc.

A favorite promenade before dinner, answering to the drive of our modern fashionables in Hyde Park, was the Mail in St. James's Park, where second-rate milliners resorted to note the fashions which they could not afford to procure direct from France. The coffee and chocolate houses, levees, drawing-rooms, and auctions, filled up the day; and the evenings were spent, in the summer, at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or Capar's Gardens, among fireworks, "waterworks," (fountains, cascades, etc.), dancing, singing, then sandwiches and sour wine; or, latterly, at "the little theatre in the Haymarket;" and, in winter, at the "playhouses" in Drury-lane and Lincoln's Innfields. It was considered "state" to proceed by water to Vauxhall, as there are few who have read and (which is almost the same) admired Addison's masterly conception of "Sir Roger de Coverley," can forget. The "Spring Garden" there alluded to was afterwards known as Vauxhall; and it may be well to note *en passant*, that in those days "Burton ale and a slice of hung beef" seemed to have been among the favorite viands and drinks provided for the visitors.

Until nearly the whole of Europe became embroiled in one general war, and the Continent was closed, more particularly to Englishmen, it had been customary for all young men of birth and rank to conclude their education by making what was called "the grand tour." It was far more of a system than at present; in defiance of the obstacles in the way of travelling at that time, in defiance of its perils, without regard to its tediousness or cost, the grand tour must be made, or the education was not completed, and the young man lost caste accordingly. On leaving College he was dismissed to the Continent, where he rambled, gambled, and idled for three years, under the charge of some clergyman without a living, who was his companion and tutor; winding up his tour with a stay in Paris, whence it was, generally, that his worthy father received cargoes of bills and acceptances for payment, drawn to meet losses at cards, and other extravagances of the debauched life into which he had plunged; for as the tutor of the minor often expected to become the chaplain of the peer or baronet, when his estate should come to him, he seldom ventured to check the young heir in his wild career, and the brightest prospects were blighted, the finest estates mortgaged, the most robust constitutions impaired, the most promising intellects

clouded, and the worst vices contracted, in this grand tour. We may readily conceive that the tutor sent home favorable reports of the progress of his *protegé*, who was supposed to be acquiring the polished manners of the Continent, or the information and knowledge which were to fit him for the character of an accomplished gentleman, whilst, perhaps, he was becoming an inveterate *roué*, dividing his time between the gaming-table, the theatres, and the ballet-girls; instead of measuring the heights of mountains, sketching alpine scenery, poring over the contents of museums, and making notes of natural phenomena, great works of art, relics of antiquity, or local customs. *Notes* he certainly made—and issued, but they were of a kind that often opened the eyes of the parent, who was not very well inclined to honor them. In all these shifts for money, the tutor was ever ready to form schemes and pretences for raising the necessary cash, or concealing the way in which it was spent, till his charge returned to take possession of the family property, an irreclaimable spendthrift, an inveterate gambler, and a consummate scoundrel; while the tutor, in the guise of a chaplain, became a pensioner on his bounty, an attendant at his board, and a participator in every excess and intemperance of his "gay" patron and his dissolute associates. There were, of course, honorable exceptions, and many came home with that polish and refinement which travel is calculated to give; but to the thoughtless, the weak-minded, and the weak-principled, the grand tour was a dangerous ordeal, especially at a time when the prevailing qualities of young men of fashion were such as the Earl of Oxford describes in his letter to Swift, dated August 8th, 1734:—"He" (the young Duke of Portland) "is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying," etc.

Amorous intrigue was one of the reigning vices of the last century. It was carried on more openly than in more recent times, and was thought even necessary, to give a man the character of a man of the world as well as a man of fashion, that he should have been connected in an illicit manner with some of the reigning toasts and fashionable beauties. The *Town and Country Magazine* owed a great portion of its success to the *tête-a-têtes*, or histories of intrigue, which it published in each month's impression, with copper-plate portraits of the hero and heroine so that by the aid of the initials, every one at all acquainted with the world of fashion could identify them.

And yet the ladies of the eighteenth century were an innocent, pastoral tribe, all rural simplicity and playful archness, looking rather out of place, perhaps, when contrasted with their painted cheeks and pencilled eye-brows, but yet all very pretty and delightful in their way. They appear to have played, and attempted to blend two widely different characters; sometimes assuming the dress and manners of the ladies of pleasure, and then the artlessness of rustic hoydens, tending flocks and herds, talking about their admiration of rural pastimes, decking their hair with wreaths of wild flowers, which they had culled from the fields and hedges, and professing a most romantic love of Nature and her works. The portraits of the Honorable Miss A., or the young Lady B., represented youthful females surrounded by flocks of sheep, and, crooks in hand, reclining gracefully against a tree, listening to the mournful ditty of some love-sick shepherd; and all the young misses, to whom were inscribed in the magazines long odes and acrostics (for acrostics were "fashionable' 80 years ago), were Phillises and Chloes, and Phœbes and Cœlias; and the young gentlemen whom the muses inspired to write the odes were all Damons, Eugenios, and Palæmons. This affectation was carried to an extent that often afforded some ludicrous contrasts, and you might occasionally see one of these artificial shepherdesses painted and embroidered, listening to the advances of an amorous swain in the box of a London theatre!

These same ladies, too, in the simplicity of their nature, would hold perfect levees in their chambers; nay, even in bed, under the pretence of being indisposed, and without any particular regard to the sex of their visitors.

Visits of condolence on the death of relatives were generally received in bed; thus Swift, in his "Journal," says, on visiting Lady Betty Butler, on the death of her sister, Lady Ashburnham: "The jade was in bed, in form, and she did so cant she made me sick." This was too monstrous a practice for Addison to tolerate—the pure and beautifully simple morality of the "Spectator" revolted against it—and he thus ridicules one of these interviews: "The lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the nightgown, which was thrown upon her shoulder, was ruffled with great care. * * * It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes when she is talking politics, with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the rude standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her women and her visitors! What sprightly transitions does she make, from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion! How have we been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels by a message to her footman, and holding her tongue

in the midst of a moral reflection by applying the tip of it to a patch! But more particularly when her male *valet-de-chambre*" (for ladies in high life employed male chamberlains to perform many of the offices of the lady's-maid), "in dressing her hair, allowed her beautiful tresses to hang in dishevelled but lovely disorder upon her shoulders."

Hogarth has also happily ridiculed these dressing-room levees in his series of "Marriage a la Mode." The gentleman with his hair in papers, surrounded by his professors and admirers; the lady, under the operation of the curling tongs, listening to the divine who lounges on the couch by her side, while the *frizeur*, in his inquisitive curiosity, is allowing the tongs to singe her hair; the little black boy, with his toys, at her feet, "make up" the toilette-scene of a fashionable married couple. In the "Rake's Progress," Hogarth has again bequeathed to us a graphic illustration of these toilette levees. Here the man of fashion, in his *déshabille*, is surrounded by professors—the dancing-master, the French teacher of the small-sword, the English master of quarterstaff, the landscape-gardener, anxious to get the *rake* in his hands, the professor of music at the harpsichord, the bravo, the poet, the jockey, and a group of tailors, peruke-makers, milliners, etc. The fashionable taste for cock-fighting is illustrated by the pictures which hang round the room; and the rage for Italian singers, by the long list of presents sent to Farinelli the day after his first performance.

But these levees were not always mere compliances with a fashionable custom; they were often had recourse to, to serve political purposes; and the captivating charms of a minister's lady at her toilet have won support to governments which have lost all other means of gaining it. It is said that the second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, known as "the Little Whig," ravished many votes from the opposite party by her fascinating airs and graces at the toilette levees.

The little black boys and the monkeys, which Hogarth so frequently introduces into his pictures, were the pets of the ladies of the time, just as poodle dogs have since become. In the "Taste in High Life" we have both a black boy and a full-dressed monkey; the latter, with an eye-glass, bag-wig, solitaire, laced hat, and ruffles, is perusing a bill of fare, which promises "*pour diner:* cocks'-combs, ducks'-tongues, rabbits'-ears, fricasse of snails, *grand d'œuf buerré*,"—a satire upon the fashionable taste for French and eccentric cookery. The lady of the house, grotesquely dressed in stiff brocade, is showing to her visitor, a gentleman with a large muff, long queue, and feathered hat, one of those specimens which it was then a fashionable taste to collect—a small cup and saucer of old china, which she appears to consider a perfect gem.

The attitude of the gentleman, even, is a study from contemporary manners. Miss Hawkins, in describing the personal appearance of Horace Walpole, tells us that the mincing air was indispensable to the character of the fine gentleman: "He always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy *which fashion had made almost natural—chapeau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm, knees bent, and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor."

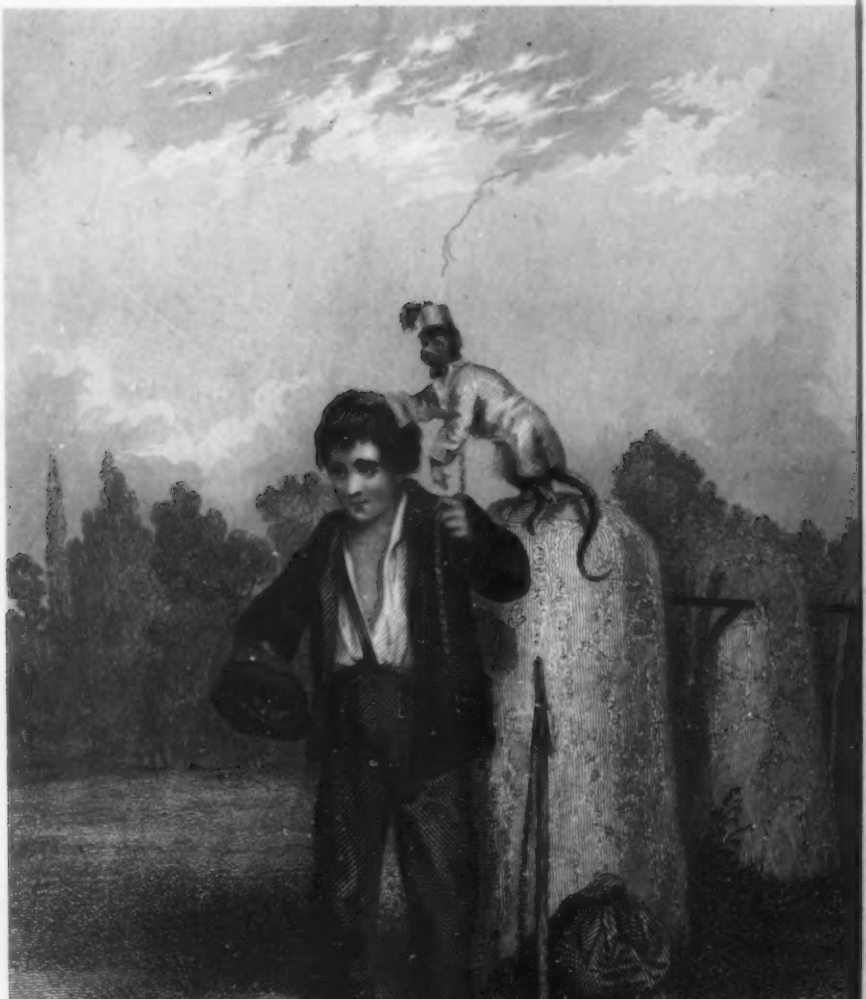
There is scarcely a single work of Hogarth's which does not afford us a glimpse of fashionable follies. The unobtrusive but ingenious manner in which he makes even the most trivial accessories of his pictures tell his moral, or slily point his satire, will frequently be serviceable to us in investigating the manners and customs of which we are collecting specimens; and if we may occasionally be thought too severe upon the century in bringing forward what was ludicrous or vicious in its composition, we more than atone for it in merely repeating the names of those who help us, by the vivid efforts of their pens and pencils which they have left behind them, to illustrate its peculiarities; for who can feel disrespect for the period, when he is thus casually reminded that such men as Hogarth, and the satirists and authors whom we take for our authorities, belonged to it?

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new books from the publishers:—

A. E. Müller's Method for the Piano-Forte; revised by Julius Knon. Translated from the German by G. A. Schmitt. Oliver Ditson: Boston. [This quarto volume is one of the most careful and elaborate guides, and is highly recommended by all the authorities, as may be seen in our advertising-pages. Mr. Ditson's enterprise in Musical Works is well known; and, we are glad to see, well rewarded by the public. When we shall be as generally-educated a nation as the Germans in music, it will be a great step toward a proper appreciation of our other advantages.]

Jerusalem and its Vicinity: a series of familiar lectures connected with the week before the Resurrection. By the Rev. William H. Odenheimer, A. M. "Jerusalem—the city of the Great King." — E. H. Butler & Co.: Philadelphia. [This handsome volume is elegantly bound, as a Christmas present, and contains plates of: Jerusalem; Christ entering Jerusalem; Lazarus; Valley of Kedron; Interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; Christ Crucified; Christ's Burial; Plan of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We are glad to see before us some permanent fruits of Mr. Odenheimer's late visit to the Holy Land.]



A scene on the Champs Elysées.

(Paris)